# Toronto Saturday Night.

Vol. 3, No. 9 { The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietor. Office—9 Adelaide Street West. } TORONTO, JANUARY 25, 1890. TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), $2. } Whole No. 113


## Around Town.

Perhaps the most noticeable circumstance in connection with the re assembling of the Dominion Parliament at Ottawa is the very languid interest taken by the general public in the political struggle. Of late years this falling off in the keen and lively concern manifested in the fight for party supremacy has been very marked. A certain sign of it is the decrease in the volume of space allotted to the reporting of the debates in the daily press. The public are now satisfied with a comparatively brief summary of the utterances of parliamentary speakers in place of the voluminous reports which it was formerly thought necessary to telegraph of every day's proceedings, and when it is considered requisite to print a "great speech" by some of the party leaders *in extenso*, a delay of two or three days, until the Hansard report can be utilized, is not regarded as showing undue lack of journalistic enterprise. There is no longer the hot haste in laying every utterance of the party magnates before a breathlessly expectant constituency, once characteristic of Canadian party journalism. The reason of this falling off in interest in the minor details and incidents of political conflict is not far to seek. On the one side there is the feeling of security arising from long-continued possession of power, on the other the apathy and despair begotten by repeated defeats and the apparent hopelessness of effort so long as the Conservative chieftain remains at the helm. The thing is getting too monotonous to be exciting. In order to sustain even a spectacular interest in a contest of any sort the element of uncertainty is necessary. Where this is absent, and the fight is all on one side, it is no wonder that public attention flags and the sameness of the situation becomes tiresome.

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The Liberal party in the Dominion, so far as can be judged by present indications, are no nearer the treasury benches than they have been during the last ten years—excepting of course that Sir John Macdonald has grown older, and what will happen when he quits the scene of his triumphs defies the forecast of the most astute of political prophets. But there is little comfort for the Liberals even in the prospect of Sir John's disappearance, for the most likely outcome of the dropping of the keystone out of the arch of the peculiar structure known as Canadian Conservatism, would be a political cataclysm resulting in the complete breaking up of parties as at present constituted and their reconstruction on entirely new lines. In short anything is possible when Sir John goes—even the continued ascendancy of Conservatism in a more or less modified form. But without the Old Man whose personality has so long typified Conservatism to the minds of his followers, especially in the rural districts, such a party would be a good deal like Catholicism minus the Pope. Prof. Goldwin Smith used to call the Liberals, during the old days of the George Brown dictatorship, "a party formed around a journal." Their opponents may, with equal truth, be styled a party formed around a man. But though the strongly-marked personality and perhaps in a still greater degree the tact and resource of the chieftain have held together the incongruous and naturally inharmonious elements which compose his following, there is another powerful factor in insuring the Conservative ascendancy which ought not to be overlooked. The Ministerialists have a decided policy. It is perhaps unfair to say that their opponents have none, especially since they have taken up, after a fashion, the question of unrestricted reciprocity. But the weak point with the Liberals is, that they occupy a false position.

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Abstractly considered the N.P. and the railway policy of the Dominion Government may be contrary to sound political economy. Protection may be a system which taxes the many for the benefit of the favored few. It may be arraigned as developing large fortunes for favored classes at the expense of the general community. The policy of building the Canadian Pacific may be a huge mistake—a costly fight against natural obstacles, sinking enormous sums of public money in the creation of a gigantic monopoly. All this and more to the same effect may be urged with much plausibility from the standpoint of cosmopolitan democracy. But the whole force of the argument depends entirely on the standpoint. Whatever may be thought or even proved as to either the economic unsoundness or the practical evils attendant on the working of the Ministerial policy, the fact is undeniable that the N. P. and the Canadian Pacific have developed and built up the country—increased the general prosperity and given Canada a higher standing abroad and more confidence in her own future. Is the game worth the candle? Are the sacrifices, the losses, the inevitable hardships and injustices attendant on the process too great a price to pay for national development? The answer depends entirely on the standpoint from which the question is regarded. Those who look at it from the point of view of cosmopolitan or continental democracy, can make out a strong case against the government. Those who avowedly care nothing for the principle of nationality—who regard it as a matter of no consequence whether Canada is developed now or in the next century—whether our institutions are British or American—whether we found a nation of our own, or become absorbed by our neighbors, can consistently declaim against the Conservative policy. The weakness in the Liberal position is the indefiniteness of their standpoint. It is inconsistent and illogical to assail the N. P. while pretending to be in favor of Canadian development—to attack our railroad enterprises and at the same time profess anxiety for the settlement of the great North-West and the establishment on a firm footing of Canadian institutions. It is folly to use Free Trade arguments which logically imply the pulling down of all custom houses and raising revenue by direct taxation, when the utmost that you mean to do in case of obtaining power is to make a slight reduction in duties. The Liberal party in Dominion affairs has in short no *raison d'etre*. Its arguments, its denunciations, its onslaughts on the Conservative position, if they mean anything at all, imply that the attempt to build up a distinct and separate Canadian nationality, by the only means possible, is an immense and costly mistake, but as a party they claim to be imbued with the patriotic idea. There is no sort of consistency between their avowed aims and the course which they adopt. Much might be said on grounds of abstract justice and popular rights—much on the score of expediency and practical self-interest—against the policy pursued by Sir John Macdonald and his colleagues, but it cannot be said logically and consistently by those with whom national considerations are paramount and who hold that the first and foremost object of a Canadian statesman should be to develop national prosperity, and plant, at any cost, our distinctive institutions upon a firm and enduring basis.

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Mr. Clarke Wallace is endeavoring to secure such amendments to his Combines Act as will stop the numerous loopholes made in the measure by the mutilation to which it was subjected in the Senate. Mr. Wallace is a well-meaning legislator and no doubt honestly believes that his Combines Act is a much needed measure and a piece of progressive legislation. In this he is altogether behind the age and entirely out of touch with the most advanced views on the subject. In the United States where they have had vastly more experience of trusts and monopolies of every sort than we have in Canada, they are rapidly outgrowing the notion that it is either possible or desirable to abolish them and restore the old system of unrestricted competition. Mr. Wallace and all who like him cling to the old fashioned view that trusts and combines are an unmitigated evil and competition among manufacturers and dealers a natural and beneficial condition, should read a little book recently issued entitled, Monopolies and the People, by Charles Whiting Baker, C.E. It will prove an eye opener to them, and they will learn that there is a great deal to be said for combines, which are by no means the purely malign and mischievous agencies they are ignorantly supposed to be. Monopolies of every sort are a natural and inevitable outgrowth of the modern conditions of industrial deve'opment. They are the product of the reaction caused by the waste and loss of intense competition. The fierce rivalry between manufacturers and commercial houses for the control of the market resulted in weeding out many of the weaker competitors and concentrating capital and management into few hands. The intenser the competition the greater the amounts consumed in the expenses of distribution—sunk in advertising, canvassing and other expedients to force business. Now combination saves all this waste which adds nothing to the wealth of the country or the efficiency of production. Moreover it is beneficial in another respect. It regulates production. It introduces something like system and order in place of the hap-hazard, speculative methods of competition, by restricting production in accordance with the demand. It avoids the alternate periods of inflation and stagnation caused by working at high pressure during prosperous times until a glut in the market ensues. All this is advantageous. The evil of the system lies in the disposition of monopolists to use the power of combination unjustly to raise prices and keep down wages. Not content with the immense saving legitimately secured by abandoning the expensive and wasteful methods of competition they often seek to make excessive profits out of the consumer or by underpaying their workmen. But the remedy for these incidental evils is not abolition but regulation. As for Mr. Wallace's Combines Act, either in its present shape or in any possible amended form, it will be as powerless to prevent business and industrial monopolies as the Pope's bull against the comet. Revolutions never move backwards and the era of trusts and combines which is now fairly upon us is simply the first stage of a revolution in the system of distribution. As in all transition stages it is attended with much hardship and many evils which will in time be eradicated. But as to legally stopping the process and going back to the old, stupid, unsystematic, cut-throat competition methods, it is out of the question. We might as well talk of going back to the days of stage coaches and hand-looms. As Mr. Baker puts it in the little volume before mentioned, "Monopolies of every sort are an inevitable result from certain conditions of modern civilization," and the remedy for their evils is not abolition but control in the interests of the public. It is a great pity that our public men cannot realize the importance of the vast changes that have taken place in commerce, production, finance, transportation and social organization—in every phase, in short, of life and thought. So many of them seem to be living away back in the beginning of the century. They do not see that in face of entirely altered conditions the formulas and phrases by which our grandfathers settled everything, are entirely inapplicable to these latter days of the nineteenth century.

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The wealthy men of Toronto have been sometimes accused of niggardliness in the matter of endowing public institutions. One not infrequently hears it said that in no city of Toronto's size and importance are there fewer donations or legacies of a public character from men of large means. However just the reproach may at one time have been, it is true no longer. Of late years there have been numerous munificent gifts towards the endowment of colleges and churches, and Hon. John Macdonald has just contributed the handsome sum of $40,000 towards supplementing the too-limited hospital accommodation of the city by converting the Wycliffe College building into a hospital. It is a noble donation and the example ought to stimulate the generosity of other merchant princes who have accumulated their wealth in Toronto and owe the greater portion of it to the advantages afforded by this city as a commercial center. Wealth beyond the legitimate requirements of the possessor is really a trust and the owner does not discharge his duty to the community unless he devotes a generous share of it to public uses. It would be well if some of our men of means who intend to leave a portion of their money to public objects would consider the generally-admitted need of more parks and playgrounds, especially in the more central parts of the city. We owe High Park to the thoughtful generosity and public spirit of a private citizen, and no more useful or better appreciated gift could be devised than one of similar character. The city is well supplied with churches and colleges, and the man who wishes his name to be remembered with gratitude and appreciation by his fellow-citizens after he is gone should provide a park in some of the poorer and more crowded sections.

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It is significant of the tone of public sentiment on the exemption question that a joint meeting of the Young Liberal and Young Conservative Clubs of this city should have unanimously declared in favor of the entire abolition of church exemptions. The growth of popular opinion against exemptions has been remarkable of late years. The agitation has undoubtedly been forwarded by the Equal Rights movement and the attention attracted to the condition of affairs in Quebec, where the evil assumes a much graver character than in this province on account of the enormous wealth of the Roman Catholic Church exempted from all civic burdens. Quebec has been the "awful example" which has done much to rouse the people of Ontario to the danger of permitting any church to claim special privileges. The attitude of some of the religious denominations, notably the Baptist persuasion, in expressing their readiness to forego the advantage of exemption is worthy of all praise. Any other system than that which puts churches and ministers precisely on the same footing as other associations and individuals in the matter of taxation, is inconsistent with the principle of entire separation between Church and State. There is no argument that can possibly be urged for exemptions, which is not equally valid as a plea for State-churchism. The customary justification offered for exemptions is that the churches are a "moral police," and the community in view of the benefits conferred upon society in the repression of vice and crime can well afford to allow these moralizing agencies to go tax-free. Obviously they might just as well ask to be bonused on the same ground. And if we admit the validity of the "moral police" plea why should not the temperance societies and the charitable organizations and the Humane Society, and a host of other institutions which can, with more or less plausibility claim that they are helping to regenerate society or to repress some of the more conspicuous moral evils, be equally entitled to claim exemptions? The argument proves a great deal too much. If the State is to recognize the Church at all as entitled to pecuniary support from the public purse by reason of the benefits conferred on society as a whole from its teachings, or influence, the measure of such recognition ought not to be the amount of property held by each organization but the work done so far as it can be estimated. It by no means follows that the good accomplished by a church is in proportion to its wealth. The possession of large revenues does not tend to make either an individual or a church active and zealous in the work assigned to them. The contrary is more often the case. The wealthy man is likely to become inactive and take things easily—the wealthy church to fall into the rut of routine and perform its duties perfunctorily. The great religious upheavals have not been the work of well-endowed and well-established organizations but of poor and struggling bodies. In fact, it might almost be said that the usefulness of a church as an awakening spiritual and moral force is in inverse ratio to its wealth.

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There is every reason to believe that despite the moral cowardice of the parties and trimming and dodging of public men, public opinion throughout the Province of Ontario is in the main sound on this question, and that there is a quiet determination to abolish religious exemptions which will, before long, make itself felt. If Mr. Mowat could muster up courage to take up the question and make one clean sweep of all manner of exemptions next session, it would add immensely to his popularity. Some Ontario Premier will have to do it before very long, and if Oliver Mowat had the faculty of sizing up public feeling—and the pluck to disregard the objections of a minority who, however influential, when it comes to a vote on strict party lines would be powerless in regard to a question of this sort—he would show himself for once worthy of the name of Liberal in its fullest significance. But unfortunately Mr. Mowat is constitutionally timorous. He is afraid of his own shadow. He exaggerates obstacles in the way of progressive legislation. He is a leader who does not aim to lead public opinion, but rather to follow it at a respectful distance. He is averse to action unless he is absolutely certain that he has his entire party following at his back. The consequence is that any considerable or even inconsiderable minority within the Liberal ranks are able by a slight show of opposition to retard indefinitely liberal measures which have the cordial approval of the great majority of the supporters of the Government, and in addition the support of many outside the party. So that although he has been in power many years, with a strong majority at his back, the real reforms accomplished have been so few and so reluctantly and grudgingly given that it is no wonder that the public have come to regard the names Liberal and Conservative as mere catchwords without any special appropriateness, as applied to party divisions in the legislature. Whenever any advance has been made, any urgent and long demanded reform conceded, the Premier has been pushed and dragged forward to the required point by men of more comprehensive ideas, so that all the prestige which a real leader might have acquired by action at a previous stage has been lost. In short, Mr. Mowat is instinctively and by nature a Conservative, who, by political accident finds himself a leader in the Liberal camp. He is not in the least blameworthy for this—the man cannot act otherwise than in accord with his nature as modified by his surroundings. Canadian political history abounds in like anomalies sufficient to show the absurdity of the current tradition seduously cherished by the partisan journals that something like a moral and intellectual chasm separates the people who label themselves "Conservatives" from the others who wear the name of "Liberal" on their collar.

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If Premier Mowat ever does abolish exemptions, and it is merely a question of bringing sufficient pressure to bear and letting the government understand that there are votes behind it, he will doubtless do the thing piece-

THE HOUSEWIFE.

meal after his favorite fashion. Mr. Mowat's style of reform legislation recalls the well-known story of the Irishman who cut off his dog's tail by degrees, an inch every day, "so that the poor beast wouldn't suffer so much all at wanst." The Ontario Premier has a like tender regard for the feelings of obstructionists. He gave the province manhood suffrage and the Torrens system of land and titles on this principle, and no doubt owing to his fondness for tentative legislation and the thin end of the wedge system the abolition of exemptions will be done gradually if done at all by the present administration.

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The inaugural message of Mayor Clarke upon assuming his third term of office is a remarkably clear and comprehensive document, showing how thoroughly the author has mastered the many vexed and complicated questions of municipal government. It has won him "golden opinions from all sorts of people," and fully confirmed those who urged his re-election on the ground of fitness, in their view as to the wisdom of keeping at the head of affairs an able man thoroughly conversant with civic matters rather than confiding this important trust to one who, however personally worthy and deserving, cannot be said to have shown that conspicuous ability and aptitude for dealing with public matters displayed by Mayor Clarke. It is safe to say that were the election to be held over again Mayor Clarke's majority would be largely increased, owing to the favorable impression produced by the forcible and telling manner in which his message has dealt with the principal municipal problems and the soundness of the opinions expressed. Henceforth the considerations of fitness must be made the *sine qua non* in filling the position. The interests of Toronto are too great—the injury which can be done by an incompetent man too serious, to allow of trifling in the matter. The time has gone by forever when the office can be regarded as a mere honor and conferred in satisfaction of real or imaginary claims, or to advance party interests, or by way of compliment to a popular citizen. It is now simply a business matter and the office should be filled on the purely business principle of getting the best man.

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On the principle that when things are at the worst they are likely to mend and any change must be for the better, the public are disposed to note with satisfaction the substitution of Ald. Shaw for Ald. Carlyle of St. Thomas Ward as chairman of the Board of Works. Ald. Caryle has abundantly demonstrated his incompetence for the position, and under his management the affairs of the Board have got into a state of chaos and confusion from which it will require a man of marked executive ability to extricate them. It can hardly be said for Ald. Shaw that his civic career has been so brilliant as to afford much ground for the hope that he would be able to grapple successfully with the difficulties of his position or put the undertakings of the Board on a satisfactory footing. He brings no such conspicuous administrative ability to the task as its magnitude demands. But at the outset he appears to be making a sincere and honest endeavor to bring order out of chaos and manfully facing the difficulties of the situation, and he should be given the credit, at least, of the attempt to deserve success. The chronic muddle into which the administration of this most important of the city departments has fallen is hardly to be charged against individual aldermen. It is the fault of the system, and needs a much more drastic and thorough-going remedy than changes in the *personnel* of the administrators. The only effective alteration would be the substitution of a paid commissioner, held responsible for all mistakes in administration, for the aldermanic regime.

## Social and Personal.

"I have never known such a dull week," said a charming society woman the other day; and truly sickness and sorrow and even death have been so busy in the social world that thought and time are too fully occupied to admit of much gaiety. It is not pleasant for a hostess to see a carefully numbered dinner-party dwindle down, on account of late regrets, to a number that it is almost impossible to entertain. Then, too, severe illness may come very quickly. Those of her own household may be the sufferers, and duty forbids the welcoming of friends. So considering the two awkward sides of a disagreeable question, we may think it not so very surprising that dances and teas and At Homes have been comparatively few for the past fortnight.

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There is, too, a comic side to this prevalence of influenza. The self-persuasion which decides some that their cold is a dreadful case of Russian influenza is rather amusing. It makes one think of the people, who, setting grammar aside, do really "enjoy" their poor health.

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"What does that snow make you think of?" asked a society belle, as the flakes fell so lazily and yet so steadily on Thursday last. I was prepared for tender allusions to childhood, lingering regrets for the purity of the snow which was so soon soiled in the streets, and, oh, various other fancies, but the maiden's eyes were bright, not dreamy, as she said quickly, "Snow-shoeing and tobogganing. We haven't had any, you know; and I declare, it takes the snow to make one recollect that tobogganing clubs ever were formed. I'm afraid I would not know where to look for my moccasins, or my toque." "You ought to find them," I said, half laughingly. "Yes, I think I shall, but," catching my look of amusement, "you are joking. You mean that likely it will rain by Saturday. Perhaps it will, but even so I'll not be disappointed. Are you?"

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By their At Home on the afternoon of last Saturday, the bachelors of Tintagel added still one more success to their many enterprises of hospitality. The invitation list was a large one, so that had the affair taken place at night, when dancing would have been more popular, the ball-room could hardly have accommodated near two hundred guests. As things were, those who wished to dance, and they numbered not a few, found that the large double drawing-room afforded ample room, while the halls, stairways and sitting-rooms were at no time unpleasantly crowded. The floor, which in the days of Mr. and Mrs. Gamble was said to have no superior in Toronto, was found to be still worthy of such praise. Most floors are smooth, and can be made slippery, but this yields to the weight of the dancers as if it were on springs, so that fatigue and soreness of foot are largely decreased. Much care had been spent on so arranging the house, that as much as possible of it should be made available; there were thus many cosy corners and snug retiring places—a large sitting-room on the upper floor especially seemed to be made of inviting and screened recesses. The hours named by the cards were unusual for Toronto, but proved to be not unpopular. The music was excellent and Webb was in good form. People began to arrive soon after four, and came incessantly until half-past six, while in spite of many a distant dinner-bell, not a few stayed to dance till nearly eight. Lest the earlier comers should consist of unmarried ladies, who might thus find themselves unchaperoned in a bachelors' house, two or three ladies had been asked to assist the hosts of the establishment in receiving their guests. The lapse of time and subsequent events have done their work, but a few names that I remember are Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armour, the Misses Seymour of Port Hope, Miss Vankoughnet, the Misses Boulton, Miss Beardmore, the Messrs. Beardmore, Mr. and Mrs. Bromley-Davenport, Mr. Grant Stewart, Miss Wadsworth, Mr. Scarth, the Misses Bethune, Mr. Bethune, Miss Sherwood, Mr. Carson, Mr. A. G. Brown, Mr. Shanly, Mrs. Biggar, Mr. Stewart Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Mowat, Mr. and Mrs. McCullough, the Misses Rutherford, Mr. Rutherford, Mr. Campbell, Miss E. Campbell, Messrs. McLennan, Mowat, Drummond, Ross and Paw were all that wise and skilful hosts should be.

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On the same afternoon as the above Mrs. Beaty of the Queen's Park gave an At Home which was largely attended and therefore successful. Tintagel and Mrs. Beaty's fine place in the park are not far apart, so that a number of people went from the former house to the latter, and still more reversed this order. Mrs. Beaty is a hostess of long and varied experience, and knows well how to conduct a large five o'clock tea.

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Still a third event on Saturday was a small and early *soiree musicale* at the charming house of Mr. and Mrs. Ellis on Jarvis street. Mr. and Mrs. Ellis are comparatively new comers but their list of friends increases fast, so that a few months hence they will find it as difficult as does everybody else to do any entertaining on a moderately small scale. The musical talent of the evening was all amateur, but of unusual excellence. A *debutante*, fresh from the best of German training, possesses a mezzo-soprano voice of rare beauty and quality which also does much credit to her teachers; this lady delighted a small but critical audience, as did a cellist who did justice to her beautiful instrument. A new beauty, who comes, I believe, from the South, excited much attention. This lady's costume is best described in the words of a famous wit and beau of the last century, "She was dressed within the bounds of fashion, but without the excrescences and balconies with which modern women overwhelm and barricade their persons." Apparently, it was a hundred years ago much as it is now.

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The charity ball at the Academy of Music on Thursday evening was in every respect a success, but want of time and space compel me to hold over particulars until next week.

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The much disputed date of the Yacht Club Ball has at last been definitely fixed for February 12. The Toronto Yacht Club has been amalgamated with the Royal Canadian Yacht Club during the past year, so that the R. C. Y. C. is now a very large body. Much is expected of this year's event. It has been very strongly felt that of late years the Yacht Club ball has not been what it used to be. Reforms, especially in the manner in which invitations were issued, have been urgently needed. I am assured that such reforms are to be carried out this year—a great effort is to be made to banish certain objectionable features, and it will not be the fault of the committee if the affair is not, as of old, one of the most brilliant events of the season. The Pavilion, so long the scene of this ball, is in many respects ill-adapted for so large an assembly, and an experiment is to be tried with the new Academy of Music. I hear that the picture galleries, the auditorium and even the proscenium are all to be made use of.

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The happily only temporary havoc that *la grippe* is playing with society was amply demonstrated at the Lieutenant-Governor's ball last week. The epidemic really did a good turn to those who attended this, the smartest and best-managed dance, with perhaps one exception, that I remember at Government House, for it kept hundreds away and enabled those who did go to enjoy themselves without a drawback. Nobody, who went through it, can ever forget the crush at many a former Government House ball.

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The annual engagement of Miss Rosina Vokes and her clever English company is always eminently fashionable. On Thursday a particularly smart house, including several theater parties large and small, assembled to see Miss Vokes in three new plays. Mr. Felix Morris and Mr. Courtenay Thorpe are now well established favorites here, and are as popular socially as artistically. Mr. and Mrs. Clay (Miss Rosina Vokes) have many friends in Toronto, and have been entertained at more than one house this week. Mr. Courtenay Thorpe is a remarkable elocutionist, who has frequently been kind enough to delight small audiences in several Toronto drawing-rooms. Mr. Gottschalk's admirable playing is also of great repute in Toronto society.

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The following Toronto ladies attended the Governor-General's levee in the Senate Chamber, Ottawa, last Saturday: Miss Yarker, Miss Cockburn, Miss Sewell, Miss Kertland, Miss L. Capreol, Mrs. John Small, Miss Harvey, Mrs. Edward Foster, Mrs. M. F. Pardoe and Miss Helen Gregory.

Among the English visitors to Toronto this week was the Earl of Carnwath. The Right Honorable Harry Burrard Dalzell is the fourteenth earl of his line in the Scottish peerage. He was at one time colonel in the Indian army, and has seen a good deal of service. He was accompanied by his daughter Lady Isabella Dalzell.

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A very fashionable wedding took place at Hamilton on Wednesday afternoon, when Miss Daisy Brown, daughter of Mr. Adam Brown, M. P., was married to Mr. Ernest Brown Smith of London, Ont. The wedding took place at the Church of the Ascension, which was crowded to the door long before the hour announced for the ceremony. The central portion of the church was reserved for the guests. A few minutes after three o'clock the bride entered on the arm of her father, and walked up the aisle while the organist played Mendelssohn's Wedding March. She wore a gown of white moire antique with a long train. The front of the skirt was draped with rich embroidery of lisse, orange blossoms and myrtle. In her hand she carried a large bouquet of white roses and lillies of the valley and also some white Scotch heather. The bridesmaids—who, according to a local paper, were "six beautiful visions,"—were Misses Lillie Brown, Douglass Bruce, Constance Lucas, Gussie McInnes, Jessie Parker, and Miss Crerar. They wore gowns of an artistic green shade, accordion-pleated skirts and bodices, with cuffs and collars, and Swiss belts of dark green velvet, beef-eater hats and muffs of the same material, with daisies and white heather pinned on the muffs with gold shamrock pins, the gifts of the groom. The groomsman was Major Albert Smith, brother of the groom, and the ushers were Messrs. T. Hillhouse Brown, Ralph B. Bruce, A. Gillespie, George Gates, Wm. Hendrie, jr., and R. Morris. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. Dean Carmichael of Montreal assisted by Rev. D. P. Crawford and the Bishop of Niagara. After the ceremony an elaborate wedding breakfast was served at the residence of Mr. Crerar. The bride received over 250 handsome wedding presents, including china tea sets, royal Worcester vases, piano lamps, chairs, silverware, a dessert set sixty-seven years old, a quantity of linen and an endless amount of valuable, handsome and useful stuff. Mr. and Mrs. Smith left on the 6.30 express for New York, Washington and Baltimore, followed by a shower of rice, good wishes and old shoes. They will return by way of Ottawa.

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The inaugural meeting of the City Council on Monday was a semi-social event of considerable importance. The Mayor had issued about eight hundred invitations, and, to judge from the crowd assembled at the City Hall, the majority of them were taken advantage of. The ladies crowded the aldermen out of their seats and even occupied the steps of the throne. The Council Chamber and Mayor's office were adorned with flags, flowers and plants. After the Mayor had read his admirably framed message and impressed upon all his hearers what a great city Toronto has grown to be, the Council adjourned.

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The fifth smoking concert of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club will take place at the town Club House on Monday evening, January 27, when it is expected there will be a large muster of yachtsmen and their friends, as an exceptionally good programme is promised.

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On Wednesday evening the Parkdale Cricket Club Colts held their second annual ball at the Academy of Music. The Academy, by the way, seems to be growing in favor as a place for assemblies of a social nature. The floor is excellent, and the surroundings of pictures make a very pretty and interesting ball-room. The Colts' ball proved to be a decided success. The number of guests from Parkdale was augmented by a large contingent of city people. About a hundred and fifty people were present. An excellent supper was served by Harry Webb. The patronesses were Mrs. C. Sheard, Mrs. W. H. P. Clement, Mrs. W. P. Atkinson, Mrs. A. M. Lynd, Mrs. Gray, Mrs. Wedd, Mrs. C. R. W. Postlethwaite, Mrs. G. H. Gooderham, Mrs. P. Routh, and the committee Messrs. W. A. Clark, C. J. Farr, W. M. Fahey, H. Jeffery and O. F. Donelly. Others who were present were Mr. E. H. Gooderham, Mr. J. M. Grant, Mrs. Cozens, Miss Eakin, Mrs. Postlethwaite, the Misses Massie, the Misses Cozens, Mrs. Bert Fleming, Mrs. and Miss Fahey, Mrs. Lennox, the Misses Ridalls, Mrs. Gibson, Mrs. Hamilton, the Misses McArthur, Mrs. Drew, Mrs. Fred Thompson, Mrs. J. Threlkeld, the Misses Greene, Grant, McKinnon, Parkin, Thompson, Irving, Kelso, Ryke, Wingfield, Strachan, Staunton, Morrison, Chandler, Bright, Wedds, Archabold, Gibson, Cornell, Mingay, Hay, Gordon, Taggarts, Flett and Hunter, Mr. F. B. Polson, Mr. Garratt, Messrs. J. M. Grant, H. T. Leslie, H. Maughan, W. Crawford, A. Monkhouse, R. Cooper, Bert Brown, W. Rasnage, W. Leacock, J. Hall, O. B. Staunton, R. Fahey, A. J. McCrae, J. Thompson, H. L. Watt, A. Henderson, D. Macdonald, Walter Brunell, C. E. Pepler, J. W. Ambrey, J. Marks, H. Burnett, H. J. Webster, W. H. Chandler, C. Wingfield, B. Forsayeth, C. Baldwin, J. T. Culverwell, T. Adams, J. T. Matthews, J. J. Ashworth, T. Morrison, Fred Thompson, R. Wadsworth, D. O'Brien, Geo. J. Little, Capt. McQuaig, Capt. Beaty, Col. Gray, Messrs. MacMahon of Hamilton, Postlethwaite, Carmichael, Marks, Langstaff, Archibald, Coffee, Arnoot.

On Wednesday, January 15, a large company assembled in All Saints' Church to witness the marriage of Miss Mary Fuller to Mr. G. A. Newman. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. A. Baldwin, the rendering of the impressive service being heartfelt and vested with a due and pleasing solemnity.

*

Miss Hirschfelder, aunt, and Miss Rossie Fuller, sister of the bride, attended her, while the groom was supported by Messrs. George Hodgins and Walter Burr. The ushers were Mr. Hirschfelder, American Vice-Consul, and Mr. Edward Fuller.

*

The bride's gown was an elegant one of cream faille, draped with crepe de chine. The customary veil and orange blossoms were worn, and she carried a bouquet of cream roses. The bridesmaids were gowned in a demurely dainty shade of dove-gray, trimmed with cream surah. The large cream beaver hats bore cream garniture, and loose nosegays of pink roses gave the necessary and becoming touch of color. The going-away dress was a combination of navy blue and terra cotta, with hat en suite.

*

Many of the wedding gifts came from England, from friends and relatives of the bride, who has been abroad for the last two years. Among the large number of presents these were noticed: A necklace of curiously-carved silver beads, which came from India, and a card-case of delicate workmanship, which claims the same far-off land as its original home, a dinner set, cases of carvers and spoons, Japanese vases, Doulton, Worcester and Crown Derby china, silver chocolate set, smaller articles of table silver, two dressing-cases, and fancy work in abundance. A presentation of a library chair and ice pitcher and goblets of silver was made to Mr. Newman by the employes of the Dominion Express Co.

*

Among those present were Professor and Mrs. Hirschfelder, Mr. and Mrs. Chapman and their three little children, Mr. and Mrs. Fuller of Ottawa, Miss Shipley of Kingston, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Langtry, Dr. and Mrs. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beaty, Mr. and Mrs. John K. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. C. Greene, Mr. and Mrs. Flett, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ince, Mr. and Mrs. Cleland, Hamilton, Mrs. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. John Young, Mrs. Scott Howard, Mrs. Allan Maclean Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Copp.

*

After the wedding breakfast and informal reception, Mr. and Mrs. Newman took the afternoon train for the Southern States. Mrs. Newman will receive on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, February 3, 4 and 5, at her new home, 30 Wilcox street.

*

Mrs. Fuller of Ottawa and Miss Shipley of Kingston are the guests of Mrs. Fuller on Metcalf street.

*

Cards are out for a large dance to be given by Mrs. Wyld of St. George street, on Friday, January 31. Those who know Mrs. Wyld know that she is a delightful hostess, and many look forward with great pleasure to next Friday night.

*

Mrs. Duggan's dance, which had been arranged for Friday, January 24, was postponed on account of the bereavement in the family. Her guests, that were to have been, have earnest sympathy for Mrs. Duggan, in the sorrow which has entered her home.

*

Miss Greene of St. George street gave a luncheon on Wednesday afternoon. It was a very delightful gathering of pretty women, for not one masculine form was permitted to enter the precincts which were, for that afternoon only, sacred to the friendly gossip, the bright sallies and mirth which accompanies, in every case, the afternoon cup of tea. The luncheon was given in honor of Miss Lincoln, the American guest of Miss Greene. Dame Rumor whispers that the charming visitor is likely to soon forsake the stars and stripes and enter a home in Toronto.

*

The At Home of the Toronto Lacrosse Club at the Academy of Music on Tuesday evening was a large-sized success. Mesdames E. F. Clarke, R. B. Hamilton, E. King-Dodds, Thompson, D. A. Rose and Andrew Park lent their names as patronesses to the affair. Many stalwart lacrosse men donned their swallow-tails and went forth to renew in the ball-room their victories of the field. And it is rumored that some of them ignominiously capitulated to the fair creatures who in their own particular field are fond of showing their skill in their own games, against which no ordinary lacrosse man is proof. The assemblage was but a repetition of all Toronto gatherings as far as pretty women were concerned. The stewards were Messrs. F. Rose, C. Campbell, W. Park, Andrew Park, W. McCleary, J. E. Bell, J. Park and H. Taylor. These gentlemen, with the members of the committee, worked hard to make the event the success it was.

*

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Adams and Miss Glass of St. Catharines, Mr. A. Addison, Miss C. Gibson, Mr. P. Kleiser, Miss Alice M. Kleiser, Mr. M. Gorrie, Mr. D. Fleming, Mr. Fred Rose, Miss Tinning, Mr. James Johnston, Mr. J. B. Giffen, Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Simpson, Mr. Henry Taylor, Mr. James Grand, Mr. G. E. Flower, Miss M. Hozack, Mr. H. Wack and Miss Wack, Mr. Walker, Miss Essery, Mr. Murchison, Miss Hopkins, Mr. J. C. Thompson, Mr. J. F. Ritchie, Mr. Brown, Miss Cotterill, Mr. A. Reed, Mr. Alf Ryley, Mr. Bert Tinning, Miss Con Riddall, Mr. and Mrs. Barnes, Mr. J. H. Brown, Miss Spence, Mr. Chas. Brown, Miss Logan, Mr. Chapman, Mr. W. Walton, Mr. F. Boxall, Miss Bowden, Mr. J. Crofton, Miss Rordan, Mr. Robt. Dathie, Miss Kerr, Mr. F. Lloyd, Miss Brent, Mr. S. Burns, Miss McCormick, Mr. George Peaker, Miss Ritchey, Mr. John T. Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Robins, Mr. J. Murchison, Miss Murchison, Miss Gardiner, Mr. J. Hozack, Miss Walker, Mr. Grant, Mr. G. Rose, Capt. and Mrs. Manley, Mr. F. Dunn, Miss Jessie Macdonald, Mr. T. H. Wilson, Miss Powell, Mr. Chas. Thompson, Miss Annie Thompson, Mr. G. H. Lundy, Miss Palen, Mr. and Mrs. Tracey, Mr. E. McCormick, Miss McCullough, Mr. T. Adams, Mr. Macfarlane Miss Boyd, Mr. Oakley, Miss Martha Boyd, Mr. McGrash, Miss Troy, Mr. Alf. Dent, Miss Cooper, Mr. L. Lucas, Miss M. Cameron, Mr B. Shaw, Mr. Cal. Shaw, Mr. W. Davidson, Mr. C. Dixon, Mr. W. Booth, Miss Macfarlane, Mr. R. Tilt, Miss Nellie Macfarlane, Mr. Millichamp, Mr. Arnott, Miss Nettie William, Miss Edith Arnott, Mr. Meller, Miss Hazleton, Mr. Jones, Miss Murphy, Mr. Chanter and lady, Mr. J. Henderson, Mr. T. Norman of Barrie, Mr. Wallis, Miss Briggs, Mr. A. Morrison, Miss Aikens of St. Catharines, Mr. T. Park, Miss Hobberlin, Miss Sullivan, Mr. W. McCleary, Miss McGolpin, Miss S. McGolpin, Col. Rose, Miss McGillicudy, Miss Weston, Mr. W. J. Gilmour, Miss Miss W. R. Hoar, Mr. H. Barker, Mr. Chas. Nell, Mr. W. J. Hunter, Miss Hunter, Mr. H. Cogswell, Miss Hamilton, Miss Taylor, Mr. G. E. Fish, Miss Patterson, Mr. J. G. Forbes, Miss McGrash, Mr. W. H. Parr, Mr. J. Austin, Miss Bain, Mr. J. O'Neil, Miss A. Foley, Mr. A. Parr, Mr. H. Coates, Miss Ida Taylor, Mr. C. H. Whitehead, Miss O'Brien,

*(Continued on Page Eleven.)*


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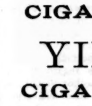

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## Boudoir Gossip.

Six hatless women at the matinee on Saturday! The head-gear did not trouble me in the plural number on this occasion. The only bobbing hat in my line of vision was that of a little girl. It was a sailor, and it very frequently came between the tenants of Our Flat and me. By-and-bye the wee girlie grew hot. Her mother removed the wide hat. Baby was more comfortable and I grew calm.

*

I wonder if my readers have noticed among all the other types of girls the one whom I have christened the "muff-wagger?"

There are girls who carry their elbows in a line with their muffs; but they are not to be compared for awkwardness to the one who throws it gently from right to left, and back again, with a general "in time" movement of shoulders, head and skirt drapery. Freeze your fingers or tie your arms, do almost anything except wag your muff. It is positively distressing to look at the right—left—back again—and jerk, though the distress usually ends in a spasmodic burst of merriment which is not in the least complimentary to Miss Muff wagger.

*

Rumor has borne word that fashion is all in a fluster to announce that coat-tailed basques—those awful abominations with buttons—are coming across the sea upon her invitation. It is said that Ouida wore one at an afternoon tea in London some time ago, but that is not all they said. The remainder of the speech was that she was worse dressed than usual. In view of the general idea society has of the fair Ouida's taste in gowns, there can not be the least flattery about that remark.

Blue is much worn in Paris. Electric blue and black is said to be a favorite combination with the gay Parisienne.

The pretty, full sleeves of contrasting color, and artistic in their folds, are still one of the "rages" of woman. They must be well made or they are truly dreadful in their effect.

The favorite flowers this year are said to be roses, lily-of-the-valley, orchids, white pinks, lilac and violets.

Lace comes to us in all the old favorite patterns. Truly of it may we say that it must be "old enough to be new."

Turbans are worn with any street costume, and the freak of the fanciful present is to have them of black velvet, with a tip of the dress color, just for a suggestion that they were intended to wear together.

A handsome gown worn at a London reception last week was of violet velvet, with a front panel, and vest of violets—wee violets crowded close together, with now and then a stray leaf in its pretty green shade to relieve the monotonous look. The bodice had a drapery across the front, which was caught on the left shoulder with a bunch of violets.

Another dress worn in London at a recent ball, was designed by an artist for the occasion, and—the artist was a woman.

The skirt was a full one of black armure, draped with tulle. The tulle was caught at the right side by a bow of moire ribbons with long flowing ends. Jet butterflies of various sizes appear to flutter among the folds of tulle, and were revealed or hidden as the draperies swayed or closed.

The bodice was of armure, and a large butterfly formed the front—its outspread wings touching with their tips the shoulders of the wearer. A butterfly appeared to hover over the ribbon loops which rested on the left shoulder; and another small one was poised on the topmost puff of the fair hair, which was dressed high.

*

"I don't want to grow old," said a young girl the other day; and I agree with her. We do not look 'orward to old age with pleasure—and since it is not altogether years but the spirit within, which wrinkles and blanches the face, let us keep young. The best plan is to care for the physical self in the best possible way. Exercise, bath and diet keep the color fresh, and the skin clear. Brush the hair, manicure the nails, rub the wrinkles, never forget the teeth, and somehow one does not look so old as people who slight the toilet aids to the preservation of youth. It seems to me that ugliness and laziness are twins, and fretfulness their big sister.

*

Among the pretty fancies I have seen worked out into dainty realities this week are a pen-rack and a holder for brushes. The pen-rack is a most amusing combination of Japanese dolls and a fun-loving disposition on the part of the originator. A pasteboard sofa is draped with figured silk, and a Japanese man and a wee Jap girl are sitting on it. His arms outspread in entreaty, and hers in disdain form a pen-rest, while as my friend laughingly assured me "there's any amount of fun in their faces and the turn of the disdainful woman's head." I suggested that a pen-wiper be added at the end and Trifla promised to consider my proposition.

A brush banner is covered with chamois with a design of gold cord held in an intricate lace pattern with small, brass-headed nails. The bands for whisk, velvet brush and hat brush are adorned with the cord lace and the whole is suspended by a ribbon of olive green—a novel combination with the tan and gold.

Fancies are fashionable, fleeting, and oh, so valuable to the home-maker, if the brain that produces them is controlled by good taste.

I had imagined that little touches of light and shade, flecks of color and dashes of flame were appreciated mainly by women. Only last week, however, I heard a man speak of potatoes looking much nicer in the gaslight; and I have changed my mind. Men have fancies; men can tell the difference between colors, and they do know a little about women's dress. I was convinced, and I have confessed my convictions.

CLIP CAREW.

## Church Talks.

The other Sunday evening I attended Sherbourne street Methodist Church. The church is well-lighted, comfortable in furnishing with a strong suggestion of "other things" in its opera chairs, a nicely-arranged choir gallery and a handsome organ.

The number in the choir was an unusually small one, for the prevailing habit of having pressing engagements at home had just come into fashion. I liked the time, the shading and the expression of the anthem, and the solo, rendered during the collection's collection was a real pleasure. I rather think I was absent in spirit from the church and yet I never got beyond reach of the music.

My position was good as to pulpit, but peculiar circumstances rendered me rather uncomfortable.

On one side of me sat a young woman whose ideas of the airing of clothes presses are not identical with mine, and I was greeted with a whiff of fried fat from the pan seven days old, if I turned to the right. If I turned to the left a strong odor of Florida water—a thing I abominate with my whole set of abominating nerves—was gently wafted to me, conjuring up painful memories of sick-rooms and suffering. If I looked directly before me a large, fair, closely-clipped, pear-shaped head defied me, so I contented myself with listening, looking only upon occasions.

The pulpit was occupied by Rev. Dr. Parker of Spadina avenue Church. The doctor's attitudes are highly amusing, conveying as much, and perhaps even more of his meaning, than his words.

His discourse consisted mainly of argument, and the controversy between him and his fancied antagonist was carried on in the following analytical manner: "If this be so, that is true, you must admit this point, and you sha'n't get out of there."

As the Doctor hurls his imaginary enemy into that final corner, he shakes a menacing finger at him, and shows by his exultant laugh the keen pleasure with which he has made his point.

Pierce-eyed, agile and earnest he argues his way through numberless platitudes of wise men and men who were not wise, and though one may not care a fig for his goal, it is nevertheless entertaining to watch his devices to present his idea, lonely and unassailable in its correctness.

Dr. Parker has an opinion on the union of the churches. He seemed to think that the scheme was an improbable and highly unwise one. The terms of union were evidently not to his liking. The Doctor is certainly too ardent in his devotion to the Methodist Church. He said that the Methodist body had "too much heart and too much head to be the tail of any kite."

The remarks closing that subject were good: "The people of this city could not live in one large house. No, they would continue to dwell in separate abodes and (with a most suave and hospitable smile and gesture) shake hands out of doors."

EYELKA.

### A Freak of Heredity Exposed.

Mrs. Hickes—What a pretty blonde Miss King-Chester is! But she's an anomaly to me. I know the family well. All the Kings were brunettes, and the Chesters were all dark, too. Where can she get her light hair from?

Miss Wickes—From Paris.—*Life.*

### The Man for the Emergency.

We were humping along down toward the Gulf on a trunk line road less than a year ago, when we stopped at a small station thirteen minutes late. We had been reported as late from the last, and expected orders here to change the run. A brief investigation disclosed the fact that the station-master, who was also the operator, was drunk. He had felt a chill coming on, and had downed about a pint of redeye to keep it off. He sat in a heap in his chair, his strength all gone, and his eyes blinking, and all the reply he could make to the conductor was:

"Shay, ole feller, whazzer mazzer wiz you?"

The conductor pondered a minute. The side track there was full of freight cars. It was six miles ahead to the next station, but did the north-bound express have orders to let us make it? He suddenly grabbed the operator, hauled him out of the office upon the platform, down upon the earth, and then carried him to the water ditch and dumped him. There was three feet of water, and it was cold as ice. He hauled the operator up and down for two minutes, dragged him out and stood him on his pins, and then said to him, in a voice as menacing as the point of a dagger:

"Go in and telegraph for my orders!"

The man walked in all dripping, sat down to his table and sounded his call, and in fifty seconds our train had orders to make six-mile siding, "and make it like——!" The engineer got the word, and away we went, and five minutes later were at the switch. Just then old north-bound tooted, and our last car was in and the switch thrown over not a second too soon. She came past us at the rate of fifty miles an hour, flinging dust and gravel clear over every car, but we had saved our bacon. Two months later I met the operator in New Orleans and asked him if his cold water bath left any ill effects.

"Not the slightest," was his reply. "The only trouble was that the company objected to my way of taking a bath and fired me out."—*N. Y. Sun.*


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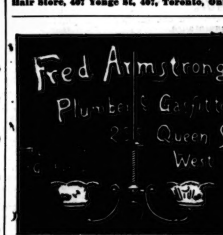


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# A MATRIMONIAL SCHEMER.

## A STORY IN ONE CHAPTER.

It is a curious circumstance that while the waiting room at your dentist's is sure to be a cheerful apartment, well provided with illustrated papers and the current magazines, your need of distraction and entertainment before a trying interview is never similarly recognized by your lawyer, who leaves you to attend his leisure either in an outer or inner room, where signs of agitation on your part is noted and enjoyed by the clerks, or at best in a wretched little ante room of unmitigated dulness and dingy discomfort.

"I suppose," thought Miss Sybil Eason, who had come to a New-York lawyer's office for the first time in her life, and was struck by the above contrast—"I suppose it is because lawyers don't often have ladies to visit them, and never children. Do you think, Mr. Wiggins will soon be disengaged?" she inquired of the clerk nearest her.

"I can't say, miss, but I shouldn't think he would be long," he answered civilly, for Sybil was not only a lady, but young and pretty. He wondered what she had come about, and why she was so nervous.

As a matter of fact, Sybil was more impatient than nervous; and presently when she was ushered into the solicitor's room, she had all her wits about her, and looked straight and composedly into his face. She knew him by sight well enough; the small, nutidily dressed figure, the clean-shaven face, the bright eyes and protruding under-lip, had been familiar to her since her childhood; but she wanted to read beyond these—to find out whether he was kind and whether he was clever.

Augustus Wiggins, however, was not a man to be read like a book. He fondly believed, indeed, that he was the most inscrutable of men, and with a view to sustaining this character had an odd habit of changing his manner continually. At th's moment he was the busy professional man.

"What can I do for you, madame?" he inquired, looking at her penetratingly over his spectacles.

Sybil was an intelligent girl, and, taking her cue from him, straightened herself and spoke out with a reflection of his business-like air.

"I am the daughter of Dr. Eason of Washington square," she stated, "and wish to see you in the first place whether you would, under any circumstances, undertake a case for him without being sure of payment in the event of its being decided against him?"

"Um—that would depend on the nature of the case," replied Mr. Wiggins, cautiously. "I might, of course, be able to predict the issue with certainty."

"Let me tell you," said Sybil, "and then you can judge."

Like most ladies, she forgot that a lawyer's preliminary opinion even has an exchange value; but Mr. Wiggins was privately influenced by her fresh beauty, and encouraged her with a grave bow to proceed.

"It won't take many words," she said, "for I'm written it all down clearly, so as to not make a mess of it in the telling.

At this Mr. Wiggins' manner underwent a sudden transformation; open surprise and admiration illumed his countenance.

"My dear young lady, what admirable forethought! How I wish your example might be followed by every client I have. Admirable, admirable!"

His pretty visitor produced a note-book and proceeded to set forth, with as little delay which we need not enter, how her father's claim to a legacy of $250,000 was being disputed on account of a mere technicality by a cousin Mr. Hugh Lorrain of Yonkers, to whom the money must come if the will were proved invalid.

"My father is too poor to fight it out," said the girl. "He is afraid of heavy law expenses, and would rather give everything up at once. That is why I have come to you. There are ever so many of us, and I can imagine how dreadfully; why should we surrender it without a single struggle to this mean man who has not a shadow of real right to it?"

The girl spoke indignantly; her eyes flashed, and she looked so lovely that Augustus Wiggins quite forgot to consider his own pecuniary interests.

"My dear Miss Eason!" he exclaimed, with quite unprofessional gallantry. "I place myself unreservedly at the service of your youth and beauty. Let your father come and give me instructions, and I will do all I can for him."

"Must you see him?" asked Sybil in distress. "Won't what I have told you do? He is sure to decline to accept your generous offer. Oh, Mr. Wiggins! couldn't you make it double or quits? Let him pay you double, I mean, if he wins, and nothing if he loses."

The solicitor's eyes twinkled at this refreshingly ingenuity on the part of a client.

"Well, well," he said, "arrangements of some such nature have been come to before now, but in this your father must be kept in mind at rest; the cost would certainly be ordered out of the estate. Anyhow, my dear, most intelligent young lady, I am paid in advance by the honor and pleasure of your visit."

Sybil finished pulling up the wrists of her gloves, and then looked up at him with a smile.

"You are as nice now, Mr. Wiggins," she said, "as you used to be in Washington square, when you always took the side of us children against our cruelty and the keeper."

"What!" exclaimed the lawyer, regarding her with fresh interest; "were you one of those dear little girls who would skip on the gravel and scatter the stones at the sound of my step?"

"Yes," replied Sybil; "and you always told the man to let us enjoy ourselves, and sometimes you turned the young ones round for mind at rest; the cost would certainly be ordered out of the estate. Anyhow, my dear, most intelligent young lady. I am paid in advance by the honor and pleasure of your visit."

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"Yes," replied Sybil; "and you always told the man to let us enjoy ourselves, and sometimes you turned the young ones round for mind.

"So I did, so I did," said Wiggins, nodding his head. "Dear me! you've grown up very quickly."

"Ah, I'm the eldest girl," remarked Sybil, laughing, "and that in a large family is an ageing circumstance. Good-bye, Mr. Wiggins. I don't know how to thank you."

"Now, that's a sweet little maid," said the lawyer to himself, when he had watched her down-stairs, "and I would like to save her fortune from Hugh Lorrain. He's a hard man, as I know of old."

The afternoon was drawing to a close, and presently Mr. Wiggins, still thinking over the Lorrain case, put on his shabby old hat and prepared to leave the office. As he passed outside the door of an inner room, where he wished to deposit some papers, a sudden thought struck him.

"Hugh Lorrain had a son!" he exclaimed, and then he stopped, put his cane to his nose, and made a calculation.

"That girl was still a little thing when I left Washington square, and in those days I used to visit at Hugh Lorrain's and see his boy Bertie, who was at Yale. He must be six or seven and twenty by now. Who was the boy who planned a match to stave off the Thirty Years' War? Well, why not Wiggins, to nip a lawsuit in the bud! James was a bachelor, and failed; but Wiggins isn't, and won't."

The scheme fascinated him. It not only offered scope for the display of those gifts of tact and diplomacy upon which he piqued himself, but roused an old-fashioned chivalry in his breast.

"It is to be done," he told himself, "but I must be as wily as Ulysses, as patient as—as Penelope."

Next day Dr. Eason, a nervous man with a thin, fair face and deprecating manner, called and gave not only all the information in his possession, but full instructions to act for him. The cousin Wiggins entered into the case, the more doubtful he became as to his client's chance of winning it, and the more closely he hugged the notion of bringing about a match between Bertie Lorrain and Sybil. As a first move he found out that the young man was at present in an architect's office in lower Broadway, and, important detail, usually lunched at a certain restaurant in the neighborhood. Thither at lunch, the very next day, old Wiggins betook himself, and there, glancing round, he perceived his young friend at a table close at hand, and immediately possessed himself of the opposite seat.

"Well, Bertie Lorrain, it's a long while since I tumbled across you," he observed, feigning what he considered just the right amount, and no more, of astonishment.

The young man could not fail to recognize the queer, ill-dressed, bright-eyed little man whom he had often seen at his father's house in bygone days.

"Mr. Wiggins as I live!" he returned, shaking hands cordially, "and looking not a day older."

"Can't say the same of you, my boy. You have grown into the man about town since I last saw you. What are you doing?"

"Oh, grinding in an architect's office near here."

"Married, or engaged, or going to be?"

"No."

"Bravo! that sounds sensible. No woman worth having, eh?"

Lorrain laughed. He was a pleasant looking young fellow, with the frankest imaginable manner.

"That's what I mean to think till I get some cash, anyhow," he said.

"Pooh! Cash! Talk like that at your age! I'm ashamed of you. Chops good here?"

"Very fair."

"Waiter, get me a chop done to a cinder. You know," the lawyer explained to Lorrain, knowingly, "if you order a chop well done they'll bring it to you a little less raw than usual; if you want it cooked, you must say done to a cinder! Now tell me more about yourself."

At the end of an amicable conversation, the two parted with mutual confidences, Lorrain promising to dine with the lawyer the following Thursday.

Obviously the next move was to get Dr. Eason to bring his wife and daughter the same day; and consent to this being obtained, Wiggins felt that the battle was half won.

He now devoted himself to arranging the details of this dinner party, which must be planned from beginning to end with a view to arousing the interest in the young couple in one another. When Thursday came, the two servants wondered at his fussiness. As a rule, he allowed them to manage his dinners without interference; but on this occasion not only must he inspect the *menu* and give minute instructions about the waiting, but he must take the arrangement of the drawing-room furniture out of the housemaid's hands. The piano must be put so, the chess-table so, this little armchair here, that screen there, and so on all round the room.

"What's the meaning of it all, that's what I want to know?" demanded the outraged Jane.

"Old Miss Brown's coming; but nothing starting of her," sniggered the cook—a conviction in which she was much confirmed when, just as the guests were expected, Jane informed her that the master had appeared in a new dress suit, with a flower in his buttonhole.

Meanwhile, Miss Eason was tastefully dressed, and with a dash of the patrician about her open, self-possessed bearing, which Wiggins noted with approval as sure to impress the unsophisticated Lorrain. The lawyerly eye took casually to drop the fact that he expected some people of the name of Eason, and had the satisfaction of seeing a look of keen interest dart into Lorrain's expressive face.

"Living in Washington square!" the young man exclaimed; "I should fancy any answer could be given the door opened and the Easons were announced.

Sybil's allowance was what girls call "skimpy," but she had a knack of putting on her clothes so that the poorest of them looked well on her; and as she stepped in now, with soft color in her cheeks, and a charming little figure, a pretty flush on her cheeks, and a smile on her lips for her friend Mr. Wiggins, she formed a charming picture, and one that effected an abiding lodgement for itself in Lorrain's mind.

As for her, she was a good deal excited at being introduced to any one of the name of Lorrain. At first she tried to be cool and reserved, but soon she unbent, reflecting that she might learn from this young man what might belong to quite another family of Lorrains. In the course of dinner, however, he mentioned a relation who lived in Washington square, and she flashed the question back at him: Did he live in Yonkers?—upon which a momentary silence ensued, which was broken by a deft relegating the Wiggins' part to what he had found out to be Bertie's hobby—namely, bicycling. Lorrain was easily prevailed on to talk about this subject, and Sybil, getting intensely interested, quite forgot to convey by her manner how she hated him.

Wiggins, after dinner, beguiled all his powers as a strategist, and made it surprisingly easy for Lorrain not only to see a great deal of Sybil in the course of the evening, but to provide ample for the further development of the acquaintance.

"I shall allow myself the pleasure, then, Miss Eason, to call on you when you have been talking about." Wiggins heard him say, as the Easons rose to go. He was looking very straight into the girl's face, and her "Thank you very much indeed" might, was given in a low, slightly constrained voice.

During the next few weeks, the young man, read between the lines, was fitted into Sybil's life a steam engine helped by the puny pushes of a child, who imagines it is doing all the work—Wiggins, in spite of himself, being helped.

Sybil was bewildered by the frequency with which she met the son of her father's opponent, but Mr. Lorrain always looked so very surprised to see her, that she could not for a moment suspect him of complicity.

All this time, though both knew well enough that a lawsuit was pending between their parents, the question was never broached between them. Sybil had a reputation for plunging headlong into any subject rather than maintain a constrained silence upon it, but on this matter a new shyness kept her silent; while Lorrain, who was moving heaven and earth to persuade his father to resign his claim, and had so far signally failed, naturally avoided a topic likely to raise hostility.

At last, the crisis came, for the trial to come on, and then Bertie marched into Wiggins's office, looking the picture of despair.

"I'm going down, Wiggins," he remarked, "and this sickening case is at the bottom of it."

"Kindly remember that I am the attorney for the other side, and avoid that subject," said the lawyer severely.

"Oh, hang it!" said Lorrain, "I'm not going to discuss the case. I only want to say that it's a sin and a shame, and if I had a voice in the matter I'd withdraw the claim on our side and apologize humbly for having made it."

"That statement, made to me by your father through his solicitor, would be interesting and valuable; from you it is a mere waste of words."

"Wiggins, don't get on the stilts," said Lorrain. "You might see what a fix I'm in."

"You are being rude to my time, sir," remarked Wiggins significantly.

"Then you may as well listen to me. Don't you understand that I'm dead set on marrying Sybil Eason, and whichever way the case is settled, I'm done for! If we win she will simply loathe me, and if they win how can I make up to a girl who'll have such a pot of money! Speak up, sir—what am I to do?"

"Speak up yourself," said Wiggins shortly.

"To her, do you mean? How? My word, if I dared! Do you think she'd let me?"

Wiggins put on his spectacles and looked the young man up and down without a word.

Lorrain positively blushed at the implied compliment.

"Seriously, do you think I might? Oh, Wiggins, what an awfully good fellow you are! I say, how do you think the case will go?"

"Your question, Mr. Lorrain," said Wiggins magisterially," is improper to the last degree. Kindly leave my office."

Lorrain walked out very soberly and hailed a hansom.

"Now or never," he said to himself, as he directed the cab to Washington square.

Once more luck favored him; Sybil was sauntering round the square alone. Bertie joined her, and presently—she hardly knew how—found herself sitting on a bench with him standing in front of her.

He was quite simple and direct. "Sybil," he said, "your father and mine are fighting this case, and next week it will be decided; if for us, you will hate me; if for you, I can't play the part of a fortune-hunter. So let me say now that all I want in this world is you for a wife, and tell me, Sybil—will you give me what I want?"

Sybil was equally simple, but had not so much to say. "I don't know whether I know you well enough," she faltered, glancing up at him and down again, "but I think—I think I do."

And therewith she glanced up again with a happy smile and told herself that of course she did: was he not everything that a man should be?

Dr. Eason took Mr. Wiggins' word for it that this engagement was an excellent thing, but old Hugh Lorrain was furious for days.

Then Bertie made a solemn appeal to him, and in the end the old man, actuated partly by affection for his son, partly by not unfounded anxiety as to the result of the trial, consented to agree to a compromise. This Dr. Eason had always signified his readiness to enter into, and finally, after endless consultation, a division of the money was effected which, while leaving Dr. Eason principal legatee, settled a large sum on the young couple.

Wiggins was not so jubilant as might have been expected. True, his great scheme had succeeded admirably, and his reputation for diplomacy was recognized all round; but, on the other hand, he had become deeply interested in the case itself, and so convinced of his ability to establish Dr. Eason's claim, that the compromise patched up at the last minute seemed to snatch a second, even sweeter, cup of triumph from his lips.

It was not till the wedding day arrived that his self-satisfaction regained undivided supremacy. On that occasion he was conscious of sarcastic, benevolence, and power over his fellow-men made his manner grand. Everybody credited him with the success, the manager of this affair, and for once in his life he had his fill, or almost his fill, of deference and respect.

Privately Lorrain whispered to Sybil, with the basest ingratitude. "You know, all old Wiggins really had to do with it was the original introduction. I'm sure that I didn't need any egging on; love would have found out the way anyhow."

"But I shall never forget that Mr. Wiggins thought of it and smoothed it," said Sybil warmly. "I'm going to be grateful to him all my life." H. L.

## To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," Saturday Night Office.]

Rita.—S lishness, reserve and pride.

Clarla.—Precise, witty and self-reliant.

Charlie.—Practical, affable and original.

Nancy Lee.—Practical, candid and energetic.

Ouida.—Vanity, painstaking and perseverance.

Melaine.—Self-reliant, energetic and generous.

Leona J.—Lack of decision, carelessness and pride.

Elsie Bellr.—Generosity, perseverance and candor.

Jiess.—Kind-hearted, practical and inclined to be selfish.

Witch of Endor.—Precision, selfishness and shrewdness.

Eva.—Fondness for admiration, impulsive and energetic.

R. B. P., Bradford, Pa.—Practical, prudent, self-reliant and stern.

Mickey, Ottawa.—Vain, persevering, ambitious and self-reliant.

Reader, Guelph.—Shrewdness, selfishness and determination.

Marjorie.—Self-will, indecision and inclination to extremes.

Sweet Sixteen, Penetanguishene.—Self-reliant, candid and determined.

Vera.—I do not wonder that they complain. Erratic, decisive and self willed.

Marguerite, Toledo, O.—Impatience, self-esteem, carelessness and courage.

Alma, Barrie.—A haughty and reserved manner, indecision and carelessness.

The Dragon (enclosed with above).—Ambitious, decisive, fond of society and—flattery.

May Shelton.—Candor, energy, good intuition and a practical and forceful nature.

Nora.—Your note not enclosed me the wrong note! This is addressed to "Dear Auntie."

J. Curiosity.—Writing denotes a practical nature, self-esteem and decision of character.

Hyacinth.—Writing indicates much force of character, a certain amount of vanity and good intuition.

Maud R.—The prominent characteristics of your writing are identical with those exhibited by Sem Ba.

Alexandrine.—Unselfish, energetic and ambitious. I should recommend both studies to your attention.

Ada.—Each letter must wait its turn. Your writing denotes decision of character, fondness for flattery and perseverance.

Mac.—Cautious, decisive and ambitious. I also am of the opinion that you have a conscience of which there are only a few healthy specimens extant.

Hosna, Cobourg.—Many thanks for your assurance of correct analysis of your writing. Should be inclined to ascribe warmth of feeling, generosity, tenderness and amiability to the "study" section.

Dragon.—I do not think, my friend, that your assumed name fits you very well. Do you not feel rather antagonistic to the sound of it. Writing denotes energetic originality, wit, kindness and generosity of heart almost hidden by assumed selfishness and cynical sayings.

Wonder Flower.—You can make a "crazy patch" screen of wall paper. Paste the pieces on with no regard to the shape, paying all the attention to coloring. To speak frankly, I would not care much for it, but they are often made, and screens are certainly of great use. An honorable man will not kiss a girl when he respects if he has not the right to do so. You are quite correct in your opinion, only remember that the finest scorn does not come from any display of temper.

Amaryllis.—Blushing is sometimes the result of over self-consciousness, very often is caused by nervousness, and occasionally by extreme fondness of feeling. Blushing is not always the indicator of a "temper," or ill-health, is rarely unbecoming. Avoid the temptation to blush when you are looking, or what you act like, and you won't blush at the wrong time. Your writing shows energy, a hurried way of doing things, considerable self-reliance and a sensitive nature.

Amaranth.—Oh, Amaranth, my dear child, you worry me! Will you tell me the "symptoms of love?" How do you know I can? No two people ever "act" in the same manner, I can assure you, and it is like to grieve. If you have it, you will need no one to aid you in determining its presence. You might read the immortal William on the subject, and take notes—as I do, I am sorry to say, most of scens 2. They are each considered the best by different people. Your writing displays shrewdness, love of order, a little will of your own and selfishness. The enclosed refuses to disclose much character, and you know why.

## Mr. Gladstone on a Religious Novel.

The January number of *Merry England* contains an article by Mr. Gladstone which he penned after reading Miss Marlitt's novel, first written in 1844, and republished a few years ago by the late Lady Georgiana Fullerton. Mr. Gladstone, preface to his account of the work, declares that it is seldom that readers have the good fortune to find the true preacher in the guise of a novelist, as well as with the vestments of the female sex. Too truly it may be said of many novels of the day that, while they have escaped from the rudeness and grossness of earlier times, they have been artificial and unhealthy processes—they have diffused the poison, not expelled it; they are whited sepulchres, and their uncleanness remains within, because they are still intended to stimulate appetite, not to minister food. In another class of romance, where religion is more copiously infused and more distinctly exhibited, the combination is generally inharmonious and repulsive. "Indeed," the right honorable gentleman affirms, "we fear that many fictions of the class formed religious may have produced a revulsive effect."

"Ellen Middleton" he describes as having "the most pointed religious aim, the least of direct religious teaching; it has the least effort and the greatest force; it is the least didactic and the most instructive. It carries, indeed, a tremendous moral; and were this an age of acute and tender consciences, practised in self-examination and intensely sedulous in making clean the inner chamber of that heart of man which is ordained to be the Redeemer's abiding place, we might fear for its producing here and there wounds over deep and sharp. But our authoress has to deal with a dull and hardened state of the public mind, and she can do something towards quickening and arousing it. Let us not conceal from ourselves that men cannot live for generations, and almost for centuries, deprived of any other spiritual discipline than such as each person, unaided by the external forces of the Church and the testimony of general practice have the desire and grace to exercise over himself, without being the worse for it. We must needs have lost much both of the tone that such discipline was intended to maintain and of the power to discern and realize the detriment we have incurred. Indeed, the notions have gone abroad among us, and that not rarely, when avowed ungodliness prevails, but likewise in connection with very strict professions of religion, that the inward direction and government of the spirit is not a great, arduous, and perpetual work but a mere corollary, following as a matter of course, or little more than the sincere adoption of certain doctrines; and, therefore, that they need not be made the subject of a distinct solicitude and care; that the inward consequences of sin, though never accepted by confession, by efforts of pain conscious and sustained, by restitution—those various parts of the process of repentance which test and ascertain its validity, may be neutralized by the mere lapse of time, and, so to speak, taken up and absorbed like the ill-humors of the body; that it shows a want of faith and savors of Judaism, or some other, sim, to employ detailed and systematic means for the purpose of working out Christian renovation. Against this false philosophy and false religion the writer of the work before us does battle, not by any logical analysis and exposure of its deceptiveness, but exhibiting to us the machinery of a human heart in full play amidst the trials which critical combinations of circumstances present, and instituting before our eyes the appeal to the living experience. She has assailed that which constitutes, as we are persuaded, the master delusion of our own time and country, and, in the way of parable, and by awful example, has shown us how they that would avoid the deterioration of the moral life within them must strangle their infant sins by the painful acts and accessories of repentance, and how, if we fall short of this by dallying with them, we must lean into giants for our own misery and destruction."

## Where Beauties Are Bred.

The great beauties who take the social prizes in marriage, says the *Ladies' Home Journal* are almost all bred in the lesser towns, where a less conventional society gives women a snatch at freedom in girlhood. You don't find them growing up with calisthenics, health lifts, and a massage use to do their exercise for them.

You all remember the painful story of a girl in a city home, surrounded by every care, who was strangled in the coils of her "health pull" one evening little more than a year since. Scarcely more pitiful is her fate than that of girls brought up on a generation substitute for work and exercise if they live. A sick, anemic woman, unused, unable to care for herself and her clothes, is the most pitiable, repugnant object on earth. You seldom find a lasting beauty which has not had a semi-Greek education of outdoor life and exercise behind it.

Take the beauties of our country. Born wild in their Irish country home, till their calculating mamma had raked and scraped enough to take them to Dublin and thence to London. The Gunnings were unlicensed hoydens, but their graces over the hills gave them matchless complexions. Later still Mrs. Langtry took her beauty course, roving the Jersey lanes with her brothers in sea air, living on peaches and coarse bread, with as little lessons as sufficed to fit her for London drawing rooms.

## The Samovar.

"The cup that cheers but not inebriates" has been relegated to a back seat with the poet who sang of it, and its Russian substitute has taken quiet possession of the town for ladies' afternoon meetings. The Samovar is a new and pretty addition to the tea table, and the dainty ladies with their strong infusion of oolong, their squeeze of lemon, and their dash of rum, are enough like punch to produce its best effects, and enough like tea to satisfy the sternest moralists. One cynical old club man, however, has suggested that the new beverage savors too strongly of Betsy Prig and Sairey Gamp to suit his taste, and that for his own part, like those two worthy women, he would prefer to "set the bottle on the mantelpiece and put his lips to it when he was so disposed." But then he is a bachelor and an old fogy besides, and it could hardly be expected that society swells would be guided by such fossilized ideas. Anyhow, the tea urn seems to be one of the ladies of his acquaintance to "shake hands with him in a decent, Christian-like manner, and not elevate her elbow to the level of her ear, and crook her wrist till it looked like a deformed goose's neck, as is the fashion of the present day."

## Wouldn't Get Justice.

"Do you think I'll get justice?"

"Oh, no. You're all right. They'll acquit you."

## A Fair Rebel.

A pretty woman of New York, who has been accused of being a rebel, who invariably wore the red and white colors of the Confederacy, writes in reply: I am not going to deny it, but wish to state that I am and always have been a rebel with a large R. At the minute of my birth I rebelled against coming into the world with the most piercing of yells, and I have been rebelling against something, from dirty streets and tiresome women, from badly fitting frocks to badly managed governments ever since. As to wearing red and white, I also confess to both sins. Having a drop of Quaker blood in me, I had a craving—the craving for forbidden fruit—for red. In time I got it; first, because I liked it; then because the man I liked liked it, and lastly, because it was becoming. The same reasons apply to white; but I have never appeared on the street in either of them, and don't expect to until the streets are cleaner and the world is more appreciative of color. I rebel against making a guy of myself.

What else do I rebel against? Insincere friends and malicious gossip.

Thick cups and over-big soup spoons. Grass-green gowns and shiny dress suits.

Tight shoes and tight stays.

Lack of loyalty to one's own people.

Early dinner and late teas.

Badly cooked terrapin and canvas back sacrificed to ignorant cooks.

A great many diamonds and no manners.

Impertinent old ladies and insolent women.

Bad actors and worse plays.

The man who has a scheme on hand, and the woman who takes you to a dressmaker so she may get a percentage off.

Politicians who are not politic enough to have their subordinates work well.

So-called Christians, who remember your trespasses and forget their own.

Yes, I'm a rebel, and shall be until the gentleman with the scythe approaches me, and even then I shall rebel against his cutting down like grass her who is known as —.—*New York Sun.*

## For Men who Cultivate Style.

Large shoes wear out hosiery quicker than shoes that fit properly.

Heavy walking gloves of dogskin are worn a little large. Tight gloves make cold fingers.

White satin and silk puffs, as well as four-in-hands, are worn for afternoon receptions.

The double-breasted sack, with lap seams, raw edged, patch pockets and silk-faced lapels, is very popular.

The little tight-rolled crown English Derbys are shown this year with the band knot directly in the rear.

The medium straight-cut trousers, which fit the leg nicely, are the most popular with good dressers. The trousers are creased front and back.

It is a noticeable fact that fancy vests are remarkable for their scarcity. Good dressers are wearing vests to match the coat. They are made single or double-breasted.

If you take a wide Ascot scarf, cross it in front, muss it all up, then shut your eyes and put the pin in the scarf without looking where it goes, you will obtain a result much sought after by Anglo-maniacs.—*The Haberdasher.*

## Costly Free Schools.

Immigrant (with large flock of children)—I came to this country because I heard that education here was free.

Native—My poor man, you were misinformed. To educate that family of children in this country will bankrupt you.

"My goodness! Are the terms so high?

"Nothing is charged for the teaching; but you will have to buy about half a ton of new, standard, revised, improved, and otherwise mutilated school books every month or two."


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In ordering mention this publication.

## The Engineer's Story.

Did you ever hear of a railroad president running as fireman on an engine? Well, I know of one who did, and, if you've got time to listen to it, I'll tell you the story now while I smoke this cigar you were kind enough to give me.

It was along in the summer of '85 that I was firing on a single track, one-horse road, that runs up from Junction City through the woods to Georgetown—or a matter of a hundred and ten miles. The road was mostly owned by a man named Thedford—William H. Thedford—who was president and superintendent all in one. I had been firing on the road for two years back; all the time with one engineer, Bob Hunter by name, and a finer man never lived. I suppose it would be only natural for me to speak well of Bob, anyhow, for I was clean head over ears in love with his pretty daughter Molly; and was only waiting for a bit of raise in my pay to make her Mrs. Jim Martin. Though I didn't see any chance for that raise where I was, I didn't dare leave and go on another road, for that would take me away from Molly.

One day Bob says to me:

"Jim, ain't you and Molly never goin' to get married?"

"Just as soon as I can get my raise," says I; "but I don't see how I'm going to get it here."

"Why don't you go and ask Billy?" says he.

You see Billy was what we always called Mr. Thedford—behind his back, of course, for I warrant you we were mighty polite to his face.

"He won't do anything for me," says I, "for you know either one of the cleaners up to Georgetown would be glad enough to jump into my place, and he aint a-going to give me a raise just to please me."

"Well," says Bob, "it won't do any hurt to try it."

So next day I washed up and went to the company's offices and asked for Mr. Thedford. After a few minutes he sent word for me that he would see me, and in I went. There he sat—a large, heavily-built man, with large side-whiskers and a pair of gold rimmed eye glasses on his nose.

"What is it, my man? I'm very busy," says he.

So I up and told him what I wanted.

"How much are you getting now?" says he.

"Forty five a month," says I.

Then he pursed up his lips, and hemmed and hawed a little, and says:

"I don't see how we can give you anything more, my good fellow. Yours is not a very responsible position; merely one that requires a little bodily strength. And we can find plenty of men who would be only too glad to take your place at that salary."

With that he turned to a letter he was writing, and I knew I had no more business there.

I tell you I felt pretty sore to be told it didn't take much to know how to fire an engine, and I came mighty near throwing my job up and try inst to get in on another road. But Molly persuaded me to hold on a little longer.

Now before I come to the particular point of this yarn I want to tell you a little about the road. I have said it was a single track road running from Junction City to Georgetown. The latter place was a little town of five or six hundred inhabitants; but in summer a great many Chicago people came up there, and so I suppose the road paid. Anyhow, Thedford, who had a summer place there, was rich enough to run the road for himself alone, if he wanted to.

Bob lived at Georgetown and I boarded with him. Our trips began at eight in the morning, and we generally ran the hundred and ten miles in five hours. Then at three in the afternoon we came back, getting home at eight. As soon as we reached the round house at Georgetown our day's work was over, for the cleaners took the engine then, cleaned and polished her and laid the fire all ready to start next morning.

Well, as I said, I hung on to my job, hoping that something would turn up that would give me a lift, till one day in August. The whole summer had been uncommon hot, but that day went ahead of anything I ever saw. Of course, while we were running we had a breeze, but the minute we stopped it seemed as if we were in a furnace; and naturally, working as we were near a hot fire, didn't improve things any. On the home trip Bob was taken sick and had all he could do to hold out till we got to the home station, when he got home as soon as possible. After the train was emptied I ran the engine to the round house, expecting to go straight home and wash up.

But when I had run the engine in, the first thing I saw was my two cleaners laid out on a heap of ashes, dead drunk. Here was a pretty mess, for it would certainly take me until midnight to get the machine in proper trim for the next day's run; and a hot, greasy job it was in any weather, but on such a night as that, was it not frightful to think of. However, there was no help for it, and I started in. I had barely made a beginning when I heard some one coming in at the door. Looking up, I saw it was Billy Thedford. In a very excited voice he asked where Hunter was.

"Home," I said; "and so sick he can't hold his head up."

"My God!" said he; "I shall be ruined!"

Then he went on to say that if he wasn't in Chicago the next day, some deal, I think he called it, would fall through, and it would cost him a quarter of a million.

"There's a train goes through Junction City at 11 15 that'll get you to Chicago in time," says I.

"What good'll that do me?" says he. "I've been away for two days, and only just now got the telegram. If Hunter was here he might get me down; but as it is I might as well go home, and let the money go."

"Mr. Thedford," says I, "Bob is sick, but I can run this machine to Junction City in time to connect with the train you want; but you will have to fire for me, as my two cleaners are drunk, as you see, and there isn't another man in this village knows the engine from the tender, hardly."

I hope the Lord has forgiven me that lie, for there were two or three men that could have fired all right, but it struck me all of a sudden that here was a fine chance to get even with Billy, and let him see whether it took any know-how to fire an engine for a hundred and ten miles. It so happened that we had wooded up on the home trip at a little station three miles from Georgetown, so we had plenty of fuel aboard to make the run with.

"Can you do it?" says he. "Remember, it is a hundred and ten miles, and it is 8 30 now, so you have only two hours and a half to make the run that generally takes double that time."

"I can do it," says I, "if you will just jump aboard, pull off your coat, and do just as I tell you."

No sooner said than done, and in ten minutes we had the old engine on the turn-table, turned her around, and were off.

If the road was rough when we ran at our usual speed, that night, making double time, it was just awful. As we flew around the curves it seemed as if we should leave the track at every turn of the drivers, and the poor old machine rocked and swayed so that, used as I was to it, I could hardly keep on my seat by the lever.

If it was hard on me, what must it have been to old Billy?

I could hardly keep from laughing in his face as I watched him, and hear him groan as he handled the heavy sticks we used for fuel.

The heat of the weather, added to that of the furnace and the unusual work, made him look as if he was in a Turkish bath. The water ran down his face, his stiff white collar hung down on his shoulders like a wet rag, and his beautiful smooth shirt bosom looked as if some one had thrown a pail of dirty water over him. His hands were torn and cut, from handling the wood, and take it all together, he was the most unlikely looking railroad president I ever saw. Once in a while I had to shoot in more fuel to lay the wood more even in the furnace, and would tell him he would get the knack of it in time.

Whenever he tried to rest I told him we were losing steam, and if he wanted to catch that train, he mustn't let up on the work. If I had thought to hitch a car on when we started, we could have run much smoother; but it was too late to think of that now, and so, on we rushed, now through woodland, now past grain fields, lurching first to one side and then to the other, until I expected every minute to land wrong side up in the ditch. However, luck was with us that night, and we pulled up at Junction City at just eleven. Poor old Billy could hardly climb down from the cab, but he managed to gasp out:

"Come to my office at two o'clock next Saturday."

I learned afterward that, finding the Chicago train was behind time, he hunted up a clothing store and rigged himself out so as to look like a civilized man, which he didn't when he left me.

I managed to find a fireman who was willing to make the run back with me, and I finally got home at three o'clock, and finding the cleaners sobered up, got to bed as soon as possible, for I was clean played out. I told Bob about my trip next day, and thought he would die laughing to think of old Billy playing fireman. But all he said was:

"I'm afraid that'll be your hash, Jim, for he'll find out you worked him more than was needed."

The next Saturday, at two o'clock, I reported at the president's office, wondering whether I was going to be rewarded for my extra work or kicked out for my impudence.

When I entered the office, there sat the old man spick and span as ever, and showing no signs of his hard work.

"Well, young man," says he, "you helped me out the other night, but I wouldn't go through the same experience again for ten thousand dollars. At the same time, I think you were trying to get even with me for not doing as you asked me to about your salary, and I have concluded that this road can dispense with your services."

At this my heart went down into my boots, for I can tell you it isn't an easy thing to get a new job when you can't bring a recommend from you last place.

Then he went on to say:

"I have a letter here from the superintendent of the Chicago and Western, asking me if I can recommend to them an engineer who has a sharp eye and cool head, to run their new fast night express. I have written in reply that I can recommend such a man, one James Martin, who will report for service September first. The pay will be one hundred dollars a month. I may add to you privately that I shall never apply to you for the position of fireman. Good-day, sir."

That's all there is to my story. Molly and I were married, and went to Chicago to live. I took the new train, and have brought her in on time every trip I've run; so you can see I've a pretty good record with the company. I've never seen Billy since, and I don't believe he wants to see me; for Bob told me the last time I saw him that they all called the old man "Martin's Fireman," that he knew is, and naturally didn't like it. There's my mate signalling for me now, sir, and I must go.

### Are We "Mostly Fools?"

"How very sweet of you," I wonder how many times a day women, I ought to say we women, use that expression. I don't wonder that people who pay careful attention to their language listen with scorn to such extravagant use of adjectives and weak words as women too often use.

That it is a gradual weakening of the vocabulary, that we come to have fewer vigorous words and words used in the correct sense, with which to express ourselves there is no question, for, once to depend upon the handy little phrases and easy words which slip out so readily, means to accustom oneself to them, and sacrifice the better ones.

What utter poverty of ideas and speech it denotes. I sometimes think that if Carlyle or Emerson, scathing, critical Carlyle, and dear, gentle Emerson, could listen to a parlor full of women talking to each other to-day, the verdict of the first would be, as he said of the English, "a population of so and so many, mostly fools!" only that he would change it to women; with the more kindly sage of our own country, whose rules about language were to use only such words as will best express your meaning, would turn aside and shed a gentle tear that his beloved American woman, so full of excellent possibilities should so deteriorate in her use of the vigorous American-English.

At one of the receptions given in this city not long ago, I had occasion to listen without studying to do so, to the conversation of a lady who used the expression: "How very sweet of you," twenty-five times during the evening; and, "That is very lovely of you, I am sure," at least fifteen times, for by that time I had moved about and heard similar expressions in other parts of the rooms that made me resolve, cold as my speech might seem, I would not become one of my own list, at least for that evening, though guilty at innumerable other times.

It will go hard with us to revolutionize this, for we have so long relied upon the convenient phrases which so easily and gracefully glide off the tongue, that to cease to respond to a compliment or an expression of tenderness, with a "how very charming," or "how very lovely of you," will seem unnatural and strange. But I am sure when once the battle has been fought and we stand each conquered, but conquerors, we will have reason to be proud of a victory worth struggling to win.—*Louise Markscheffel in the Toledo Journal.*

### Heart Troubles.

Birdie McGinnis—So he has proposed at last? Esmereilda Longcoffin—Yes, indeed.

Did you maintain your presence of mind?

No, I didn't. I got so scared and my heart palpitated so loud that twice he stopped in the middle of his declaration, and, looking at the door, said "come in." He thought somebody had knocked.

### Much in a Name

Western Man (looking at a sailing craf)—What keeps the sail out straight?

New York Hoss—It is held taut by the gaff and the boom. That heavy piece of timber at the bottom is called the boom. When the wind is fair, the boom swings out and stays there; but if the wind should suddenly change, it might swing back with terrific force and knock everybody overboard.

Western Man—Ah! I see now why it is called a boom. We have booms in the West, you know.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

### Great Foresight.

Boss—This makes the third day now that you haven't shined my shoes.

Cuffy—Dar's no blackin' in de house, sah.

Why didn't you tell me before?

Bekase I was afeerd you mout buy a box.—*Texas Siftings.*

### Age No Objection.

Solomon Isaacs—You want to marry one of my daughters? Well, de youngest gets $10,000, de second youngest $15,000, and de oldest gets $20,000.

Jakey Silverstone—Haven't you got somedings vat was very valuable—about $50,000 old?—*Texas Siftings.*

### Had Tried Politics.

Great Statesman (to married daughter)—My dear, your husband will never amount to anything if you don't spur him up. Why don't you persuade him to go into politics?

Daughter—But, pa, he has tried, and he can't stand it. The whisky makes him sick.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

### As She is Spoke.

He—Now that you have made me the happiest of mortals, can I kiss you?

She (Boston)—Never having had any personal acquaintance with laboratory utilities, Mr. Gearer, I do not know if you can, but you may.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

### Quick Diagnosis.

Stranger (after an examination)—Well, doctor, what do you think? How I the gout?

Great Physician—Hem! Er—what is your income?

"Twelve hundred a year."

"No. You've got a sore foot."

### She Covered Him.

Daly Grunther (tasting his noodle soup)—Humph! you'd better have a noodle walk through here.

Waiter (suavely)—Are you looking for a job?—*Detroit Free Press.*

### Artless.

Miss Oldun—No, Mr. Hollings, I am getting too old for the assemblies.

Hollings, '94—Oh, don't say that, Miss Oldun.

"Do you ever press auth mn leaves, Mr. Hollings?"

(Great embarrassment from '93.)—*Harvard Lampoon.*

### A Natural Query.

Army Student (to new arrival)—Hullo! my bantam; what's your father?

New Arrival—A farmer.

"Then why didn't he make a farmer of you?"

"I don't know. What's your father?"

(Impressively)—"A gentleman."

"Then why didn't he make a gentleman of you?"—*Pick-Me-Up.*

### A Mushroom Myth.

It is a popular error that mushrooms grow to their full size during a single night, and that they dissolve and vanish after the sun shines upon them. They are rapid in growth and rapid in decay; but the same mushroom may be watched growing and expanding for two or three days, and then gradually decaying away. Much depends on the dampness or dryness of the season. In some seasons they are exceedingly plentiful, while at other times they are comparatively rare. This also is believed to depend chiefly on climatic conditions. It is not unusual for cultivated mushrooms to become attacked by a parastic mould, which renders them unfit for food. This misfortune rarely happens to the wild form, and it is in process of decay. The catacombs of Paris are noted for their production of mushrooms in immense quantities. From the Mery caves as many as 3,000 pounds are sometimes sent to market daily. We have heard of a crop being grown in a hatbox.

### In the Conservatory.

Downylip—Aw—can I smoke, Miss Prim?

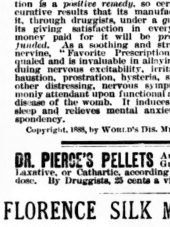
Miss Prim (of Boston)—I don't know. Have you ever tried?

### A Bostonian Match.

"Did I understand you to say that young Spendthrift is engaged to an actress?"

"Yes; he's engaged to Miss Footlights, who starred in The Tank of Real Water last season."

"Oh, I see. Spendthrift is going to follow Emer-on's advice and hitch his wagon to a star."



WOMEN AND MICE.

The reason why a woman is afraid of a mouse is a profound mystery—indeed, it has never been very clearly proven that she is. But some women are constantly in such a nervous, irritable condition that the slightest thing annoys and startles them. The cause of this unfortunate state of affairs is usually some functional derangement; some distressing or painful irregularity, some derangement or peculiar weakness incident to her sex; or, it may be due to inflammation, ulceration or displacement, of some of the pelvic viscera, or to other organic lesions peculiar to her sex. From whichever cause it may arise, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a *positive remedy*, so certain in its curative results that its manufacturers sell it, through druggists, under a *guarantee* of its giving satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it will be *promptly refunded*. As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, sleeplessness and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

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### Aphorisms.

To men addicted to delights, business is an interruption; to such as are cold to delights, business is an entertainment. For which reason it was said to one who commended a dull man for his application: "No thanks to him; if he had no business he would have nothing to do."—*Steele.*

To arrive at perfection, a man should have very sincere friends, or inveterate enemies; because he would be made sensible of his good or ill conduct, either by the censures of the one or the admonitions of the others.—*Diogenes.*

There is no dispute managed without a passion, and yet there is scarce a dispute worth a passion.—*Sherlock.*

No enjoyment, however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier for life from having made once an agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure.—*Sydney Smith.*

If we did but know how little some enjoy of the great things that they possess, there would not be much envy in the world.—*Young.*

Not to return one good office for another, is inhuman; but to return evil for good is diabolical. There are too many even of this sort, who, the more they owe, the more they hate. There is nothing more dangerous than to oblige these people, for when they are conscious of not paying the debt, they wish the creditor out of the way.—*Seneca.*

No man was ever so completely skilled in the conduct of life, as not to receive new information from age and experience.—*Terence.*

A flatterer is said to be a beast who biteth smiling. But it is hard to know them from friends, they are so obsequious, and full of protestation; for as a wolf resembles a dog, so doth a flatterer a friend.—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

### Female Attraction

A commander in the Royal Mail service found his vessel out of her course. He was sorely troubled, and could not account for the local attraction that had sent him so far out of his way. Instruments and calculations appeared equally faultless. Sorely troubled from having passed a sleepless, watchful night, the captain went on deck after breakfast. Seeing a lady sitting, as was her custom, and working near the binnacle, it occurred to him that probably her scissors were resting on the ledge of it. Detecting nothing of the sort, and bent on closer investigation, he discovered that her chair had an iron frame. It also, quite unsonably flashed across him that the lady's ample crinoline was extended by steel hoops. So, mustering up all his faculties, he exclaimed, with as much forgiveness and as little reproach in his tones as possible, "Madam, you have by your attraction drawn my ship some forty miles from her course."

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HEAD

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THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED), Proprietors

VOL. III] TORONTO, JAN. 25, 1890. [NO. 9


## The Golden Touch.

Poor old King Midas! What a time he did have with that patent touch, of which the fairy gave him the exclusive use!

Gold is bright and it is pretty, but ugh! it is so cold. Its tendency is to chill its worshippers, and it kills the tender plants of kindness and generosity which would otherwise flourish in many hearts. It is indeed well for us to-day that we have not the magic touch of the long ago.

There is one golden touch I want. I would like to possess the power to brighten sorrow by a little mirth; to touch the cold grayness of everyday life until it had borrowed the brightness of the much-prized metal. I want to be able to turn all the little vexations and petty meannesses into valuable gold, which Experience will bank for me.

We lose so much of the good, the bright and the profitable in life, because we will wear glasses—blue glasses, and edge away from events and circumstances which, perhaps, do look rather discouraging. It is generally the old story of the nettle. If we finger it lightly we rue the contact; and a sturdy grasp leaves no ill effects.

"Now, Frances," said a bright girl the other day, "it's all very well for you to talk of being happy, and making the best of things. It sounds very business-like and quite rational, but what would you do with a life like mine that hasn't any best to it?"

Poor little soul! I can see the trembling lip, and the comical look of mingled dismay and impatience which was drifting around with a couple of tears in her pretty brown eyes. I laughed—not an annoying chuckle, nor a heartless burst of merriment, but a light-hearted laugh. I wanted her to smile also and get rid of those two tears under cover of nervous delight.

There is always a best. It may take a faculty for playing hide-and-seek to find it, but it is sure to be.

Life, as most of us live it, is plain bread and butter. If one resolves to be happy, to find the good in life, to make the very best of everything, then the delightful sense of something in this vale of tears worth living for, is sugar. I plead guilty to a lingering liking for sugar on bread and butter. I do really.

We do so much moralizing on the respective merits of this, and that, and the other thing; we wear out our brains, and torture ourselves and our friends with plans and fears for the future, but we very seldom sit down and brighten up the present with the "golden touch."

When one looks over life and finds—as we each do find, if we are honest souls—that our blessings are undoubtedly numerous, we realize that even if one, two, three, or four of them were taken away, we should still have left enough of the good to be thankful for.

In speaking of happiness I do not mean the exuberance of joy which exhilarates a playful kitten, nor do I mean the slothful content of a pig in a puddle; I mean the satisfaction with which a brave spirit takes from to-day the pleasant or the useful, recognizing even in the present something to make one feel thankful and happy.

That happiness is often a joyousness born of light heart, sometimes a pensive calm, the calm which is the sister of perfect content, whose visits are made up of a hurried greeting and a swift adieu.

The habit of applying "don't worry," "never mind," and "make the best of it," to the torn places or the snarled thread in life's web, may be an old-fashioned one, but it is my experience that they make good patches.

FRANCES BURTON CLARK.

## The Drama.

Paul Kauvar is a play which illustrates a broad temperamental difference between two peoples. It might be called a Saxonized French play. While thoroughly French in its plot and its nomenclature it still bears upon its face the indelible imprint of Saxon thought and the Saxon hand. The marked difference between plays of French construction and the productions of English and American dramatists lies in the portrayal of degrees of emotion. Characters in the former are mercurial in their tendencies and are almost always pushed to the very extreme of passion or emotion. If they love, the ardor of their passion sets them panting for the object of affection as never hart panted for the water brooks. Their joy, if they have it, overflows to the whole world. Their hatreds are only quenched in blood, and their revenges only thwarted by the grave. If Paul Kauvar were a French drama the Marquis de Vaux would have pressed his suit for Diane de Beaumont's hand with a Scarpian frenzy, and the play would probably end leaving the hero and heroine, and perhaps several others of the principals, minus their heads. In English drama, on the other hand, the extremes of feeling and of action are not often resorted to, and when French plays are adapted for presentation in English they are usually subjected to a pruning in this particular. English drama, even in its most lurid form, does not display the same violence of treatment which characterizes French plays. Virtue and heroism are often exalted much beyond the average of real life, but the manifestations of vice and depravity are always subdued—never set forth with the plenitude of detail and exactness which marks the work of the Gallic pen.

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Paul Kauvar is a play of the French Revolutionary period, written by Steele Mackaye, an American dramatist. To be a picture of life during that sanguinary time it must of necessity be filled with stirring incidents and violent emotions. And it is. It is stormy from the commencement almost to the close. But then the clouds break from the horizon, leaving a long narrow streak of red sky out of which the sun peeps at the world for a moment ere he sets. A Frenchman would have plunged him from black cloud to still blacker night and sent all the ladies home weeping for the hapless heroine and the martyred hero. But Steele Mackaye writes American-French plays. He leaves the hero and heroine in very comfortable circumstances and makes the villain kill himself in the most approved fashion. The play is based on the incident of the love and marriage of Paul Kauvar, a leader of the revolutionary party, and Diane de Beaumont, a daughter of the Duc de Beaumont, who is an ardent Royalist. On account of the violent antipathy of the Duc to the Republic and its adherents the marriage was kept secret from him. The Marquis de Vaux, a false friend of both Kauvar and the Duc de Beaumont, wished to marry Diane himself. To further his scheme he conspired to have her father guillotined by getting Kauvar to sign a blank warrant which he filled in with the name of the Duc de Beaumont. The appearance of this warrant created an estrangement between Kauvar and his wife. De Vaux, however, learning accidentally of the secret marriage conspired to substitute Kauvar for the Duc with such success that his victim was in the cart bound for the guillotine. But by a stroke of chance he escaped, and after many adventures turned up in Le Vendee in time to prevent the marriage of Diane and the Marquis de Vaux, into which she was being coerced. The *finale* is, as I have said before, a happy one.

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Paul Kauvar has been before the American public for several years, and has been placed by their most competent critics among the first plays of native production. On its first production here on Monday night it was received with a great deal of spontaneous enthusiasm by a rather small audience. It is undoubtedly one of the strongest plays of a melodramatic stripe that has been produced here this season. The dialogue is strong and nervous and the action stirring and rapid as befits the theme. And in half a dozen places amid the riot of carnage and ferocity are interspersed gentle touches of pathos that go direct to the heart and refresh like a hillside spring by a dusty, sunburnt highway. Mr. Joseph Haworth, who played the title role, is steadily going up the ladder of dramatic success. He bears himself gracefully on the stage and has a strong resonant voice, which he uses with commendable discretion in such a part as Paul Kauvar, where there is unlimited opportunity for the ranter. Mr. Haworth is the shining luminary of his own company by long odds. Miss Lizzie Bechelle, who plays Diane de Beaumont, though careful and painstaking in her work, very often failed to rise to the occasion. Of the rest of the company the most noteworthy were Messrs. Chas. Vandenhoff, C. C. Craig and Robert W. Drouet.

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Everybody is glad to welcome bright-faced Rosina Vokes when she pays us her annual visit. No artist has entwined herself into the affections of the theater-going public so closely or so easily, as it seems. Her magnetic personality seems to warm and cheer all who come within range of its influence. Everything she does seems so unstagey and so spontaneous that one forgets he is looking at a theatrical performance instead of a funny little chapter from life. On account of her opening performance not taking place till Thursday evening I am unable to write of her new comedies this week. But I am certain that in whatever form the buoyant spirit of Rosina Vokes presents itself to us, there will be no dearth of amusement and brightness. Her engagement at the Grand Opera House closes with a matinee and evening performance to-day (Saturday). At both these performances she plays Crocodile Tears, My Milliner's Bill and The Rough Diamond.

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At Jacobs & Sparrow's Mr. Edwin Arden has been regaling the patrons of that house with the sensationalism of his Irish melodrama, Barred Out. This play is not new to Toronto. It is a romantic story of Irish life thrown together in a sort of hap-hazard fashion and abounding in "thrilling dramatic situations"—that is, with more thrill than dramatic truth in them. I have noticed somewhere an item stating that Mr. Arden is about to go out of work of this class into something better, and I think it is about time. Mr. Arden has much improved since I first heard him and would, I have no doubt, be successful in legitimate parts. The dual part of Eric Marmaduke and Capt. Beresford, while it is less extravagant than the parts of melodramatic heroes generally are, still calls for a good deal of that omnipotence with which characters of this class overcome all their enemies. It makes one tired to see a man who can act some, tackle a villain twice his size and make him bite the dust on the stage carpet with the same careless grace with which he would roll off a log. You feel that such a man is doing an injustice both to himself and the public. Miss Agnes Arden, who takes the leading lady part, is a handsome girl, but by no means a born actress. But her work shows evidence of study and care and when one sees that an effort is being made to overcome natural obstacles one cannot but regard such an effort with favor. The rest of the company display no specially great ability.

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Paradoxical as it may seem, there is good authority for the statement that every audience which has yet witnessed Gillette's great war play has left the theater after the performance literally Held by the Enemy. The play in plot, execution, dramatic effect and thrilling climaxes is more than its managers modestly claim for it. It has a story of intense interest, pure and refined in tone, told of one of the most thrilling events of American history. A bright, and by no means the least interesting, feature of the play is the comedy, which centers around a characteristic and amusing war correspondent and the ingenious younger daughter of a Southern planter. A more natural and simple bit of character drawing than this maiden it would be hard to find. From the top of her sunny head to the tip of her little shoe, she is an innocent, honest, warm-hearted Southern girl, of a type seldom met in late years, and less read about, but often dreamed of by those grown up since the war. The other characters are also strongly drawn, clearly defined and true to life. Held by the Enemy will be seen here at Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House next week for the first time at popular prices.

## Art and Artists.

It does not reflect much credit on the artistic taste of the people of Toronto that they have given such poor encouragement to the managers of the new art gallery. I scarcely think, however, that the public is altogether blameworthy in this respect as it is very doubtful if the public is fully aware of the quality and nature of the exhibition provided for it. It has long been recognized by the most successful men in business that the public requires to be told a thing again and again and often with exaggeration, before it can be made to understand or be impressed to the extent of spending a little money. The public here is not sufficiently interested in painting to wax enthusiastic over any ordinary painting that may come to town, but if it becomes impressed with the fact that there is here an excellent display of pictures it will not be slow to patronize it. The collection shown at the art gallery on King street is certainly an excellent one, but the management have, I think, been a little too modest in their announcement of that fact.

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Mr. G. A. Reid has begun one of his characteristic pictures which represents four boys in a hay loft telling stories. The picture promises to be a very successful one, both in coloring and composition.

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Mr. and Mrs. Reid held a reception at their studio on Wednesday evening for the Young People's Society of the Unitarian Church. A delightful evening was spent among the pictures.

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The last monthly meeting of the Toronto Art Students' League showed that body to be in a very flourishing condition. The list of members has been increased to almost the full capacity of the league's present quarters, and much satisfactory work has been done this season. Mr. Wm. Bengough, the energetic treasurer, assures me that financially the league is as sound as the Bank of England. The ladies' class, a new feature established a short time ago, has been very successful. About a dozen lady artists have taken advantage of the opportunities to study from life. They have entered into the work with all the zeal usually displayed by the fair sex on entering a new field, and excellent results may be looked for. The etching class of the League which meets on Saturday afternoons has made a very creditable beginning.

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I see that there is much discussion among the R. A.'s and the students of the Academy school as to whether the lady students of the school shall be admitted into the "life school." A clipping I have taken from an English paper says: "The women students at the Academy school are now equal in number to the men; there are 110 of each. Hitherto the former have been debarred from the study of the nude. But a strong party exists both among the R. A.'s and the students which demands the abolition of this distinction, and the admission of ladies into the 'life school.' On the other hand, it must be admitted that there is a vigorous opposition to the proposed change, composed, we imagine, of people who, like the saint of old—who would never undress because he thought it indecent to see himself naked—think that the human form is *per se* disgusting and abhorrent. Really, after all, we did not design it, and therefore have no reason to be ashamed of it. It is well-known that at least one of the impressionist Forty never draws from the nude, on conscientious grounds. But in his case the artistic result is by no means encouraging. The main argument of the purists is that there is no such artistic talent among women as would make it worth while to put them through such a course; that only one woman artist of the first rank has appeared in the last fifty years. Well, we suppose there were people in England, who objected to the admission of Jews into Parliament on the ground that they had never disclosed political ability of the first order, and that no Jew had till then become Prime Minister."

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Mr. William Cruikshank is engaged drawing a number of illustrations for an elementary work on agriculture which the Education Department has authorized for use in the public schools. Mr. Cruikshank's knowledge of the anatomy of horses and cattle eminently qualifies him for the work. VAN.

## Trinity Talk.

Mr. F. DuMoulin and Mr. Dumbrille of the class of '91 have sufficiently recovered from *la grippe* to begin their attendance at lectures.

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Rev. Canon DuMoulin will deliver the first of the series of public lectures in the Convocation Hall at 4.30 this afternoon, his subject being Preaching.

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On Thursday evening last Rev. Canon O'Meara delivered a most interesting lecture on Mission Work in Manitoba and the North-West.

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The Trinity Glee Club made their first appearance for the term at St. Bartholomew's school-house on Monday evening last, where they gave a concert in aid of that church.

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A number of *Episcopon* may be looked forward to in the near future, and it is to be hoped the men will take the usual amount of interest in this old time college institution and make the paper a success. No official notice has as yet appeared as to when the paper will be read, as that depends so greatly on the number of contributions sent in, or rather I should say on the number accepted. The staff consists of four members, three editors and a scribe, the names of the former being kept a profound secret, the scribe being the only person known to the general public. The contributions consist chiefly of witty criticisms of the different peculiarities of the resident students and in making fun of the poor freshmen, who get very thoroughly "roasted" in this interesting paper.

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The date for Trinity's annual conversazione has finally been decided on and Thursday, February 6, is the date chosen. It was at first intended to have it on Tuesday, February 11, but owing to the Yacht Club ball being on the following night it was considered advisable to change the date. The names of those on the different sub-committees have been posted and those in charge of the invitations are hard at work as the list closes early, and it will be quite impossible to secure cards after Wednesday, January 29.

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The Rev. Professor Boys has been confined to his bed for some days owing to a severe cold which seems to have gone through his entire system. I trust he will shortly be again seen about college. CÆCUS.

### Behind the Scenes.

Mrs. President Harrison appears to be a lady of much good sense, says London *Truth*. It seems that some of the ladies of the corps diplomatique at Washington wear low dresses at the White House receptions, and that the "Pilmsoll line question," as it is called, is being discussed at Washington. On being interviewed, Mrs. Harrison said that when a girl she was plump, and always wore low-cut dresses, but that, being a grandmother, she intended to wear evening dress either V-shaped or square. As for other ladies, she thought that they ought to please themselves—age, beauty, and health deciding the question for each woman.

Periodically we have at home some ass who lifts up his voice against ballet-girls' legs, or low-cut evening dresses. As a matter of personal taste, I rather prefer for ballet-girls a quantity of petticoats reaching nearly to the knee than the present habit of exposing almost the entire leg; whilst in respect to low evening dresses, if a girl has good shoulders I like to see them. At the same time, I know nothing more ugly than the fashion of cutting the dress exceedingly low behind, and exposing a vast surface of back. As to indecency, the entire matter is purely conventional. In that earthly paradise, the Garden of Eden, Eve wore no dress at all. In Turkey I have seen ladies who for the world would not show their faces, draw up their wide trousers and recklessly expose their legs. To the pure all things are pure.

I remember once having some conversation with the purveyor of the "fleshings" in which ballet girls encase their legs. He explained to me how the "flashings"—or, perhaps, I should say how the legs—are made. The artist fits on a tricot. He then marks where the leg is defective, and he has the tricot thickened at these places. "Calves," he said, "give us the greatest trouble. Nature generally makes them wrong. They are either too high or too low, and we have to work in the calves so as to remedy this, and to make the ankles appear small." The artist told me that he made legs for many ladies in society. "What can they want your legs for?" I said. "Well, he replied, "you see that their dresses might catch getting out of their carriages, and they like to be prepared for any accident of this kind." He further told me that he had a large practice in arms for gentlemen. It seems that those who have mere sticks wear stuffed tricots under their coats to give themselves a manly and muscular look.

### Smith's Cake.

"Madam, you don't know how to make cake!" exclaimed Mr. Smith, throwing a lump of half-cooked dough across the room at the cat. "You never knew how to make cake. I'd rather eat wet sawdust. You ought to have seen the cake my mother made—that was cake!"

"Your mother again—always your mother!" retorted Mrs. Smith. "Pity she didn't teach you something!"

"What do you mean, madam? I'll warrant I'll make better cake myself than you any day."

"Why don't you try? You'll find everything in the kitchen."

"Well, I can."

"Well, why don't you? You are all talk!"

Smith found himself cornered, and felt very uncomfortable, as he had boasted to surround-ing unconditionally or to make good his boast. He had never made a cake in his life, had no idea how cakes were compounded, but thought he knew what was in them.

"I'll make the cake," he said.

"Well, come into the kitchen and make it," preposed his wife.

"What, now?"

"Yes, now. I'll get the things for you."

Smith took off his coat, his collar and necktie and rolled up his shirt-sleeves. They walked to the kitchen together, and Smith said:

"What shall I mix it in?"

"Oh, you're doing it!" Mrs. Smith replied.

"Ah, this will do!" he said, taking up a bowl. "Now bring me some water; now some raisins and currants, sugar and ginger and allspice. There—that will do!" He put them all into the bowl and mixed them with a spoon. "They don't seem to stick together," he said. "Looks more like a thick soup than anything else. Fancy I've got too much water." Smith drained off some of the water, and was about to put the cake into a pan, when his wife said:

"Didn't your mother use flour?"

"Oh, yes—yes—ah, yes, of course!" Then he mixed in flour until it was so stiff that he could hardly knead it. "Now," said he, "I'll take this cake round to the baker's and have it baked properly." He started off, and, when he reached the baker's, he said:

"Will you just throw this stuff away, and put in its place one of your plum-cakes?"

That night at supper Mrs. Smith had her mother and sister with her. She had told them of the cake, and they were expecting great fun at Smith's expense. The cake did not come until supper-time. Smith took it from the boy and said:

"This is my cake—something like a cake!" He carried in the cake and placed it on the table.

"Here's a note in the paper," said Mrs. Smith; "I'll read it:"

"DEAR SIR—I am sorry we are all out of plum-cake; so I send you a pound cake instead. Yours obediently,

"S. BROWN, Baker."

### That Wooden-Headed Young Man.

"I take it for granted, Miss Laura," said young Dr. Smidgley, "that you condemn, as all sensible young women do, the unwholesome and barbarous practice of tight lacing."

"On the contrary, Mr. Smidgley," returned Miss Laura, with a wistful, yearning look in her glorious dark eyes, "I think a compression of the waist, to a reasonable extent, not only harmless but at times positively exhilarating."

And that dense, stupid, wooden headed youth sat there for an hour and argued with the young lady on the evils of tight lacing.—*Chicago Tribune.*

### To Time.

*For Saturday Night.*

I will not heed thee, Time, I wi l not set
The full and mellow harp strings of my heart
To thy drear melodies;
But I will laugh and sing right joyfully,
Not sit me down and pucker up my brows,
And shrink and wither 'neath thy frowning glance,
Striving to hide the wealth and flower of life,
Because, forsooth, thou chant'st thy weary lay
Of evil days and swiftly flowing sands,
And broken wheels and wells that do not quench.
Are these, oh Time, all that thou hast to give,
These broken images and empty hands?
Is it for this thou seal'st the happy days,
And steal'st the night's delicious dreams away?
For this thy whispered "Time will heal thy woe!"
Begone, begone, I will have none of thee,
But I will laugh and sing right joyfully,
And fill my soul and strain my heart with love,
And warm my breast about the fires of Spring,
Take all life's joys and give no heed to thee.

D. F. T.

### Reluctant to Go.

*For Saturday Night.*

I have heard of a land that is fairer than day,
And I firmly believe it is so;
But the most of the people, when summoned that way,
Seem, somehow, reluctant to go.

There's the old widow Curtis, who lives in the lane;
She's a pauper these ten years, I know,
And blind, and a victim of rheumatic pain—
Why should she be reluctant to go?

Then my neighbor next door, every day of whose life
He can sing, I Am Whiter than Snow,
Who has lost all his children, and lately his wife—
And yet he is reluctant to go.

So the child of misfortune, of whatever kind,
Who in this lower life had no show,
When the end is approaching will probably find
Himself strangely reluctant to go.

From the fierce torrid heat, and the wintry wind's blast,
From all sickness, and sorrow, and woe,
There's a haven of refuge, when this life is past,
Strange we should be reluctant to go.

It cannot be the fear of the thing we call Death,
For he's but a shadow, I trow,
And we've seen very many relinquish their breath
Without pain, yet reluctant to go.

Is it fear the good Shepherd will not take us in,
Makes us cling to the old life below?
Or does conscience too truthfully tell us of sin,
That it makes us reluctant to go?

But no sin is too great for the sin-bearing One,
Who has met with and conquered our foe;
If we trust in His blood, which for sin did atone,
We need not be reluctant to go.

If we trust in our good works or merits, we'll find
Our alarm will increasingly grow;
And with very good reason, this life left behind,
We may then be reluctant to go.

If I trust the good Shepherd I never shall want.
In death He'll be with me also;
Then, when summoned to meet Thee, O gracious Lord, grant
That we all may be willing to go.

SEVERN BRIDGE, January 17, 1890. J. SMILEY.

### To-Day's the Time.

This day is blest above all days,
The sun is gold, the air new wine,
All flowers blow sweet, and the world is wide,
Each breath of nature seems divine—
For now thou art!

To-day's the time! Live every hour!
Grasp golden threads, they're at thy feet,
Sing happy heart, nor sorrow court,
Time goes with silent step and fleet—
Thou mayst not be to-morrow!

—MARJORIE MUCHMORE.

### A Song of the Unattainable.

For the few and far-between,
For the very-seldom-seen,
For the un-cat-h-hold-uponable I sigh!
The unclutchable I'd clutch,
The untouchable I'd touch,
For the ungrabbed and ungrabbable I die!

Oh, I burn and sigh and gasp
For the just-beyond-the-grasp,
For the far unverkatchable I yearn;
And the vulgar here-and-now
I ignore and disavow,
And the good-enough-for-others, how I spurn!

Oh, I moan and cry and screech
For the just-beyond-the-reach,
The too-far-away-to-grab I would ensnare;
The unguinable I'd gain,
The unattainable attain,
And chase the un-catch-on-to to his lair.

### The Grapevine Swing.

When I was a boy on the old plantation,
Down by the deep bayou,
The fairest spot of all creation,
Under the arching blue:
When the wind came over the cotton and corn,
To the long slim loop I'd spring,
With brown feet bare, and hat-brim torn,
And swing in the grapevine swing.
Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing,
I dream and sigh
For the days gone by,
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

Out o'er the water-lilies bonnie and bright,
Back to the moss-grown trees;
I shouted and laughed with a heart as light
As a wild rose tossed by the breeze.
The mocking bird joined in my reckless glee.
I longed for no angel's wing:
I was just as near heaven as I wanted to be,
Swinging in the grapevine swing!
Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing:
Oh, to be a boy,
With a heart full of joy,
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

I'm weary at morn, I'm weary at night,
I'm fettered and sore of heart:
And care is my pillow and my bed with white
As I wend through the fevered mart.
I'm tired of the world, with its pride and pomp,
And fame seems a worthless thing;
I'd barter it all for one day's romp,
And a swing in the grapevine swing.
Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing
I would I were away
From the world to-day,
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

## Noted People.

Leutner the prima donna died recently at Wiesbaden.

Miss Braddon (Mrs. Maxwell) has published her fiftieth novel.

Charlotte M. Yonge is engaged upon her one hundred and first book.

M. Mariani, the French ambassador to Italy, died suddenly of pneumonia.

Stepniak, the Russian author and revolutionist, is coming to America before long.

Appleton Longfellow, son of the poet, is in Nice, the guest of James Gordon Bennett.

Sir Evelyn Baring, the British Consul-General, gave a banquet to Henry M. Stanley at Cairo.

The Prince of Wales will unveil the statue of the Duke of Albany when he visits Cannes in March.

John Walter, who succeeds Mr. McDonald as manager of the London *Times*, is only 35 years old.

Miss Amy Levy who died at twenty-seven, left not only two novels, but two volumes of verse besides many short stories.

The Emperor of Germany is to issue a book of his travels. It is to be illustrated by Dr. Salzmann.

The New York newspaper writer whom the public knows as "Bab," is Mrs. Mallon, the widow of an Irish gentleman.

"Lucas Mallet," the English novelist, is one of Charles Kingsley's daughters. Her name is Mrs. Harrison.

Mr. F. L. Elwell of New York has modelled a figure of Louisa M. Alcott, to be finished as a statue by-and-bye.

The baby King of Spain had a portrait painted for which his royal mother paid $20,000.

Charles Bellamy and Captain Andrew Haggard are about to follow the lead of their successful brothers and become novel writers.

Queen Margherita has lately found some unpublished manuscripts of noted Italian composers. They are soon to be in the hands of the public.

The Duke of Aosta who was King of Spain from December, 1870, to February, 1873, died at Turin last Saturday. He was a brother of King Humbert of Italy.

The real name of Marie Corelilli, the author of several successful novels, is Minnie Mackay, and she is the daughter of Dr. Charles Mackay, the writer.

Ex-Empress Augusta dictated and signed seven letters the day before her death. She left 7,000,000 marks between the Grand Duke of Baden and Prince Henry of Prussia.

Francis Parkman of Boston and George Bancroft are ardent floriculturists. The former has originated a gorgeous variety of lily which is being propagated by an English gardener and will soon be ready for market.

Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt, who will spend some months with her parents in Philadelphia, received honorable mention for oil painting at the Paris Exposition—the highest reward paid to a woman.

M. Constans, the French Minister of the Interior, said to a Parisian reporter that Boulanger will do no more harm to France. His chances are "not worth a sou," in the words of M. Constans.

King Leopold of Belgium has donated a sum of money sufficient to establish a sanitarium on the Congo. It will furnish medical treatment, and be a place of rest for African explorers or travelers.

"What do you do," asked some one of Henry Ward Beecher, "when you lose the thread of your discourse?" "Walk up and down the pulpit, stamp and holler, and the newspapers say: 'At this point Mr. Beecher became very eloquent,' was the laughing reply."

Mr. George R. Sims insists that a drama should have a happy ending. He says, "When the author enlists a strong sympathy in the hero and heroine, it seems unkind to force one to part with them in gloom and unhappiness,' so the "happy ending" is a feature of all Mr. Sims' plays.

The Earl of Zetland, Viceroy of Ireland, and his countess have been well received in the land of potatoes and patriots. Lady Zetland is winning golden opinions in Dublin, where her engaging manner, kind heart and ready sympathy have made for her a sure place in the warm Irish hearts.

Mark Twain was told that Darwin had read his books with a great deal of interest; that he read himself asleep at night and awake in the morning with them. Darwin's published life did not bear out the statement, but Mark found that the poor man had "been suffering from atrophy of the brain, and hadn't been able to read any decent literature."

In the *Fortnightly Review* a reporter gives Jenny Lind's opinion of Shelley's lyrics. She said they are ill-adapted to music on account of the complicated thought, changeful images, and consonant-packed words. "I can sing Milton, Heine, and Dryden, but I could not sing your Shelley, Wordsworth, Keats, no, and not much of your Tennyson either."

West, the celebrated London artist, was in dismay when on the day of a dinner-party, the waiting maids were struck down with influenza. His daughters, however, donned the cap and apron, and made excellent substitutes. All went well until in a moment of absent mindedness, Mr. West spoke of the aproned waiter as his daughter, and the whole affair had to be explained.

Dame Rumor has it that Princess Maude of Wales is to marry Duke Ernest Gunther of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg. The duke is the only brother of the German Empress and presumably a good match. If we would wish anything, it would be that Princess Maude might not be required to speak of her husband in strict accordance with all his baptismal and otherwise come-by distinguishing appellations.

Sir Henry Drummond Wolff is not easily provoked to laughter, but he and his guests were much amused at a dinner given by him recently. It appears that upon returning from his embassy in Constantinople he brought home with him a couple of Turkish servants. They imitated him in everything and used his words exactly as he did. On serving Lady Wolff with a glass of claret, one observed with the utmost gravity of countenance and suavity of manner, "Allow me to give you a glass of wine, darling." He had caught the sentence from Sir Henry, and treated the company to a surprise.

Mr. E. H. Sothern.

The above drawing is an excellent picture of Mr. Sothern in his famous character of Lord Chumley, as any one who saw him when here last week can testify. The sketch which we reproduce from the *Theater Magazine*, was drawn from life by the well-known American illustrator, Arthur Jule Goodman. The pose will be readily recognized by those who have seen the play.

## Hard Cider.

THE whole trouble came about this way: Neighbor Stiggins had a husking, and Mrs. Stiggins, a quilting. Aunt Hannah and I were present, which would not have been the case, only Stiggins said as how mostly all the guests would be young people and he would take it as a great favor to have Aunt H. and me, who are more advanced in years, to honor them with our company.

The boys finished the husking, the girls finished the quilt and then we all finished the supper.

The boys had gone out to the barn again to sample some more of Stiggins' hard cider, which, I may say, was very good, better than the average—it being seasoned with sassafras and such like. Stiggins and I walked out after them, ruminating on the uncertainty of everything but taxes.

After we joined the boys and took some more cider, some evil spirit caused one of them to observe that there was capital ice down on the pond. This brought up the subject of skating, and, as I always feel it my duty to impress the boys of the period with the fact that the young folk of my time were far smarter than they are to-day, I embraced the opportunity to narrate some of my skating achievements in days gone by.

Just about this time, as near as I can remember, Stiggins, who had been taking more cider than was really necessary under the circumstances, observed that perhaps I didn't remember that he was the acknowledged champion skater of the settlement at the time I referred to. He also expressed his opinion thet he could outgo on ice any old bald-headed codger of about his age who might be present in that company. Of course he meant me as I was the only one answering that description, seeing the rest were young chaps.

Just then the boys cheered, some for Stiggins and some for Uncle Reuben. They seemed divided about half and half, and before I knew how it was done they had bet $5.00 a side in a skating race between Stiggins and me.

Now I hadn't been on the blamed things for forty years, and neither had Stiggins to my knowledge, but I had been challenged—fairly challenged—and my honor and reputation were at stake. So I cried, "Bring on your skates," thinking there wasn't any to be had on such short notice, when imagine my horror at seeing them bring out a pair of those spring steel affairs that catch on the soles of your boot as solid as though they were part of the article itself.

"What are they?" I asked.

"Skates, you old block-head," cried Stiggins, who was having a similar fitting out on his number twelves.

I say number twelves as a slur on Stiggins' large feet, I didn't think of it at the time he called me a block-head.

"Fetch on your pond," I shouted, and with that they up and carried us personally, skates and all, to the edge of the pond and set us on a log.

Now the pond contained about an acre of all smooth ice excepting on the outer edge where the current of the creek ran and kept it from freezing. The referee said the course would be from the log on which we sat out around a stump that stood up through the ice this side of the opening, and back to the log again.

At the word "go," away we flew amid the cheers of the spectators, but we didn't fly far. I was in the lead, two strokes ahead, when I seemed to lose control of my feet. My skates didn't understand each other, one darted one way and the other darted another, while I sat on the ice between them and Stiggins fell over me.

We arose simultaneously and faced each other.

"Stiggins, you're a fool," said I, and down I went.

"Reuben, you're an ass," said he, and down he sat.

By this time our backers had reached us and helped us to the log again.

Again we started; this time I went slower, and Stiggins was in the lead; we neared the stump; Stiggins passed and tried to turn, I saw him slip, heard a crash and he had vanished.

I heaved up on my heels to stop, but those new fangled skates are rounded behind as they are in front, and my feet went on, while the rest of me slid wildly and anxiously after them into the opening Stiggins had made. I landed square on top of him as he was coming to the surface.

When we came up again Stiggins had his arms about my neck and I had him about the waist.

As we stood on the bottom, the water came to his shoulders, and to my chin.

"Stiggins, I'm a fool!" said I.

"Reuben, I'm an ass!" said he.

"Shake hands," said I.

"I'm afraid to let go," said he. So was I.

"Did you ever skate before?" said Stiggins.

"I can't remember," said I.

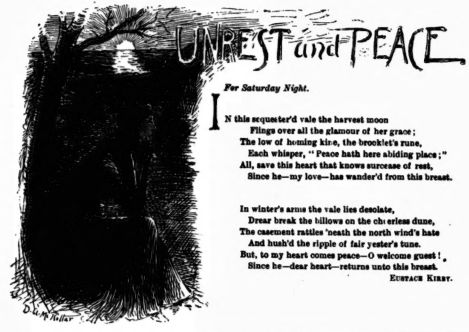
"Neither can I," said he.

By this time the boys had arrived with a pole and rope and pulled us out together.

That night as I lay in my bed, trying to sweat out the water I had inadvertently absorbed from the pond, Aunt Hannah began her lecture from this text—"Look not upon the wine when it is red; when it giveth its color to the cup." I observed that I didn't see any harm in just looking at wine, besides the drink we had was cider, which was not red, and we drank from a dipper. But she read on: "For in the end it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

I showed her that her authority was astray on the cider question, for it did all the biting and stinging at the beginning, just the first swallow or two, and I didn't mind it at all in the end.

"Reuben," she continued, "you say that alcohol brightens the intellect. Your intellect must have had a high polish on to allow a lot of boys convince you that you were a skater. It makes you cheerful, does it? Yes, you and old Stiggins must have made a cheerful spectacle on the ice, from the way the boys hurrahed. It's good for rheumatism, is it? If your old joints don't snap off the first move you make in the morning you ought to be thankful. It keeps out the wet and cold does it? Why, Reuben, you never was wetter since you were baptized than you were to-night. And as for the cold, if you don't catch the worst spell of asthma it's because you're too lazy to try. Oh, you are snoring, are you? you poor deluded victim," and then she blew out the light.




IN this sequester'd vale the harvest moon
Flings over all the glamour of her grace;
The low of homing kine, the brooklet's tune,
Each whisper, "Peace hath here abiding place;"
All, save this heart that knows surcease of rest,
Since he—my love—has wander'd from this breast.

In winter's arms the vale lies desolate,
Drear break the billows on the cheerless dune,
The casement rattles 'neath the north wind's hate
And hush'd the ripple of fair yester's tune.
But, to my heart comes peace—O welcome guest!
Since he—dear heart—returns unto this breast.

EUSTACE KIRBY.

## 'Varsity Chat.

Prof. Alexander buttressed himself in our esteem by his little address on Browning, at the Modern Language Club, on Monday. The highest anticipations were realized. The professor is a critic indeed, in whom there is no disposition to take refuge in vagueness, either of praise or condemnation. Those who were fortunate enough to be present, a company of goodly size, much above the average for the club, have a tangible idea of the poet's qualities, in so far as the address covered them. They know what Browning cannot do, what he can do, and how he does what he does. What could a critic teach them more? To refer readers to Prof. Alexander's book for his views on the much misunderstood poet is better than to make a foredoomed attempt to give them here. This much it is, perhaps, fair to infer from his remarks, that no *dilettante* need hope to appreciate Browning; for him who will study, however, there are vast treasures of the love of man's inner nature and of wholesome inspiration.

It was the opening meeting of the term, and of course the literary incident of the year. Prof. Alexander's methods give promise of great things in literary culture in his department. Chairman W. H. Graham, '90, filled his position with accustomed grace. In the audience I observed several familiar faces, not much seen hereabouts nowadays. Mr. J. D. Spence, B.A., '89, last year's president and once editor of the '*Varsity*, dropped in towards the close. Others of those who have climbed up to the graduates' gallery were Messrs. J. A. Duff, '87, G. C. Biggar, '89, and E. C. Senkler, '88.

Mr. William Houston, M.A., parliamentary librarian, was the principal contributor to the programme of the Political Science Association on Wednesday afternoon. His essay was entitled: The Continuity of the Province of Quebec. That Province of Quebec is a thorn in the flesh of a free country—with apologies to His Grace of Kingston.

On Tuesday evening the Glee Club, under Mr. Schuch's conduct, treated the good people of Queen street Methodist Church to a concert. These pleasant little events happen often enough to show the growing popularity of the club's choruses.

The programme of the Philosophical Society of '92 which held its regular meeting on Wednesday afternoon at two o'clock, consisted of an address by Prof. Baldwin and an essay by Mr. Houghton on Sensation and Evolution. The discussion was led on this occasion by Messrs. Young and Borland.

Miss Madge R. Robertson, B.A., '89, lately resident in Cobourg, has recently been appointed to a position on the staff of the Parkdale Collegiate Institute. The presence of a fellow-graduate, Miss Nellie Spence, '87, will doubtless help to take the strangeness out of the first few days, and make them—well, endurable.

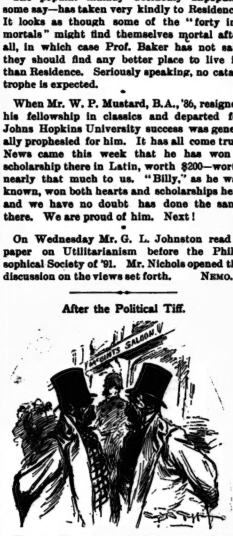
Mr. J. J. McLaren, Q. C., is announced to deliver a course of lectures on law in connection with the Political Science Course. The first lecture will be heard on the 30th inst.

The popular malady—decidedly unpopular some say—has taken very kindly to Residence. It looks as though some of the "forty immortals" might find themselves mortal after all, in which case Prof. Baker has not said they should find any better place to live in than Residence. Seriously speaking, no catastrophe is expected.

When Mr. W. P. Mustard, B.A., '85, resigned his fellowship in classics and departed for Johns Hopkins University success was generally prophesied for him. It has all come true. News came this week that he has won a scholarship there in Latin, worth $200—worth nearly that much to us. "Billy," as he was known, won both hearts and scholarships here and we have no doubt has done the same there. We are proud of him. Next!

On Wednesday Mr. G. L. Johnston read a paper on Utilitarianism before the Philosophical Society of '91. Mr. Nichols opened the discussion on the views set forth. NEMO.

### After the Political Tiff.




Hogan—G'lang out o' that, now. Av Oi looked like you Ol'd go hang meself!
Brogan—T'ank hivin, Oi doan' resimble you, you shnake!—*Puck.*

### Doubted Her Word.

They were talking about the various methods of celebrating the passing of the old year and the coming of the new. "Did you ever dance the old year out and the new year in?" was asked of a lady of uncertain age. "Yes, indeed, hundreds of times," was the reply. But nobody believed her.—*Boston Transcript.*

It is one of the worst of errors to suppose that there is any other path of safety except that of duty.

An Infant Censor.

Clytie—Didn't you see Mr. Huntingdon bow, auntie?
Aunt Kate (who never liked him)—I wasn't just sure. The snow blinded my eyes, you know.
Clytie—I'm afraid that's what they call a white lie.—*Judge.*

# A LIFE SENTENCE

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGH'S RESERVED.

CHAPTER XXI.—CONTINUED.

He loosed her hands and looked at her steadily for a moment: he had more confidence in his power over her now.

"I think you should make me understand what you mean, dear. Do you accuse my sister of anything?"

She looked frightened.

"No, indeed I do not. Don't know what I am saying, Hubert. Tell me one thing. Do you think we should ever do wrong—or what seems to be wrong—for the sake of other people's happiness? Clergymen and good people say we should not; but I do not know."

"Enid, you have not been consulting that parson at Beechfield about it?"

"Not exactly. At least"—the ingenuous face changed a little—"we talked on that subject, because he knew that I was in trouble, but I did not tell him anything. He said one should always tell the truth at any cost."

"And theoretically one should do so," said Hubert, trying to soothe her, yet feeling himself a corrupter of her innocent candor of mind as he went on; "but practically it would not be always wise or right. When you marry, Enid"—he drew her towards him—"you promise to obey your husband, and he will absolve you."

"Perhaps that is what would be best," she answered softly.

"To no man but your husband, Enid."

She drew a quick little sigh.

"You can trust me!" he said, in a still lower voice.

"Oh, yes," she said—"I am sure I can trust you! It was only for a moment—you must not mind what I said. You will set it all right when you know."

He was silent, seeing that she had grasped his meaning more quickly than he had anticipated, and had, in fact, accepted him, quite simply and confidently, as her husband that was to be. Her child-like trust was at that moment very bitter to him. He bent his head and kissed her forehead as a father might have done.

"My dear Enid," he said, "we must remember that you are very young. I feel that I may be taking advantage of your inexperience—as if some day you might reproach me for it."

"I told you I did not feel young," she said gently; "not perhaps I cannot judge. Do what you please."

The listlessness in her voice almost angered Hubert.

"Do you not love me then?" he asked.

"Oh, yes—I always loved you!" said the girl. But there was no look of a woman's love in her grave eyes. "You were always so kind to me, dear cousin Hubert; and indeed I feel as if I could trust you absolutely. You shall decide for me in everything."

There was certainly relief in her tone; but Hubert had looked for something more.

"I have been wanting to speak to you for several days," he said, "but I have never had the opportunity before; and I must tell you, dear, that I spoke to the general before I spoke to you."

"Oh!" Enid's fair face flushed a little. "I thought—I did not know that you intended—when you began to speak to me first, I mean—"

Hubert could not help smiling.

"I understand; you thought I spoke on a sudden impulse of affection, longing to comfort and help you. So I did. But that is not incompatible with previous thought and preparation, is it? Surely my care for you—my love for you—would be worth less as a sudden growth than as a plant of long and hardy growth!" He groaned inwardly at the subterfuge contained in the last few words, but he felt that it was unavoidable.

Enid looked up and gave him an answering smile.

"Oh, yes, I see!" she said hurriedly; but there was some little dissatisfaction in her mind, she did not quite know why.

Even her innocence heard dimly discerned the fact that Hubert was not her ideal lover. His wooing had scarcely been ardent in tone; and to find that it had all been carefully mapped out as it were, and formally permitted by the general, and perhaps by his wife, give her a sudden chill. For Flossy's interpretation of Enid's melancholy was by no means a true one. She had dreamed a little of Hubert in a vague romantic way, as young girls are apt to do when a new-comer strikes their fancy; but she had not set her heart upon him at all in the way which Florence had led her brother to believe. There was certainly danger lest she should do so now.

"The general says," Hubert went on more lightly, "that you cannot be expected to know your own mind for a couple of years. What do you say to that?"

"I think that uncle Richard might know me better," said the girl, smiling. She was still standing on the hearth rug, and Hubert put his arm around her as he spoke.

"And he will not consent even to an engagement until you are eighteen, Enid. But he did not forbid me to speak to you and ask you whether you cared for me, and if you would taken effect upon her, and how she would bear herself before her judges. He had seen her once only since her return from Italy, and then for a few minutes in the society of other people. He could not tell whether she was changed or not; and he was curious to know.

She had written to him from Italy several times—letters like herself, vivacious, sparkling, full of spirit and humor. He knew her very well from these letters, and he was inclined to wish that he knew her better. He would see how she looked before she knew that he was present; it would be amusing to note whether she found him out or not.

Thus he argued to himself; and then, with perverse want of logic, after saying that he did not wish her to know that he was there, he sent his bouquets to the green-room for teacher and pupil alike, and compromised matters by attaching his card to madame's bouquet only, and not that which he sent to Cynthia West—a feeble compromise certainly, and entirely ineffectual.

He seated himself on a green-colored bench on the right-hand side of the room, and looked round him at the audience. It consisted largely of mothers and other relatives of the pupils, some of whom were the most aristocratic houses in England—largely also of critics, and of musical persons with flowing hair and notebooks. Hubert knew Madame della Scala's reputation; it was here that the *impresario* on the watch for new talent always came—it was here that the career of more than one famous singer had been successfully begun. It was of some importance therefore that Cynthia should sing her best and do her utmost for a first impression.

Having looked about him and consulted his programme, Hubert glanced at the platform, and was struck by the charming picture it presented for the benefit of all persons present.

Madame della Scala was first led forward by a bevy of admiring pupils. Cynthia not being one, and made her bow to the audience with an air of gracious humility that was very effective indeed. She was a dark, thin little woman who had once been handsome, and was still striking in appearance. She had been an operatic singer in days gone by, and had taken up the profession of a teacher only when her vocal powers began to fail. In demi-toilette, with ribbons and medals adorning her square cut bodice, long gloves on her hands and a fan between her fingers, the little lady curtseyed, smiled, gesticulated, in a charmingly foreign way that procured for her the warmest plaudits of the audience. One felt that, though she herself was not about to perform in person, she considered herself responsible for the efforts of her pupils, and made herself fascinating on their behalf.

A large screen was placed on one side of the platform, and a grand piano nearly filled the other side, leaving a central space for the performers. At first Hubert had wondered why the screen was there. Now he saw its use. Madame dela Scala seated herself in a chair behind it, with her face to the singers—evidently under the delusion that her figure was completely hidden from the audience, and that she could, unseen, direct, stimulate, or reprove by means of movements of the hands, hands, handkerchief, and fan. The manœuvre would have been successful enough but for the fact that the back of the screen was entirely filled with a sheet of looking-glass, and that in the mirror her gestures and facial contortions were all distinctly visible to the greater number of the listeners. Hubert found great satisfaction in watching the different expressions of her countenance; he told himself that Madame's face was the most interesting part of the performance. How sweetly she smiled at her favorite pupils from the shadow of the screen! How she nodded her head and beat time with her fingers to the songs they sang! How, in moments of uncontrollable excitement, she waved her hands and swayed her body and gesticulated with her fan! It was a comedy in dumb show. And, as each girlsinger, after performing her part up curtseyed to the audience, passed her teacher on the way to the artists' room, Madame seized her impulsively by both hands and drew her down to impress a kiss of affection on the performer's forehead. The woman's old charm as an actress, the Southern grace and excitability of her nature were never more apparent than when reflected in Madame's movements behind the screen that afternoon, and visible to the audience—did she know it after all!—only in a looking-glass.

The humor of the situation impressed Hubert, and made him glad that he had come. The whole scene had something foreign, something half theatrical about it. An English teacher of music would have effaced herself: would have spoken with nervousness and reserve at her pupils. Madame had no idea of effacing herself at all. She was benignity, composure, affability, incarnate. The girls were her "dear angels," who were helping to make her concert a success. When, at a preconcerted signal in the middle of the afternoon, she was led forward by one of her most distinguished pupils, and presented by a group of adoring girls with a great basket of flowers, her whole face beamed with satisfaction, her smile and dimples and brooches twinkled responsively as she curtseyed, waved her fan, spread out her lace and silken draperies, and finally retired into the screen's obscurity once more. Only one little *contretemps* occurred to mar the harmony of the scene. Just as Madame had returned to her seat, the screen, displaced by her sudden movement, fell over, dragging down flowerpots and ferns, and almost upsetting Madame herself. The bevy of girls rushed to pick her up, gentlemen and attendants came to the rescue, and in a few moments Madame was reinstated, a little shaken and flustered, but available as ever, the screen was replaced more securely, and the concert proceeded with decorum.

But where all this time was Cynthia? She had not joined the cluster of girls who presented the flowers to Madame, or run to pick her up when the screen fell down. Madame was nearing Cynthia when it fell down. She did not appear until nearly the end of the first part of the concert, when she came on to sing an Italian *aria*

"More beautiful than ever!" was Hubert's first reflection. "More beautiful than I remembered her! Is she nervous? No, I think not. Her face will take the tower for when does not." And then he settled himself to listen. He was far more nervous than Cynthia herself or that Madame della Scala, who was keeping time to the music with her fan behind the screen.

Cynthia's beauty, of an unusually striking order, was heightened by an excitement which lent new color to her cheeks, new fire to her eyes. She was dressed in very pale yellow—white had been rejected as not so becoming to her dark skin as a more decided tint—and she wore a cluster of scarlet flowers on her left shoulder. She looked like some brilliant tropical or southern butterfly—a thing of light and color to whom sunlight was essential as food. Hubert felt vain of his *protege* as he heard the little murmur of applause that greeted her appearance.

But the applause that followed her singing swamped every other manifestation of approval. Cynthia surpassed herself. Her voice and her method of singing were infinitely improved: the sweet high notes were sweeter than ever, and were full of an exquisite thrill of feeling which struck Hubert as something new in her musical development. There was no doubt about her success. No other singer had roused the audience to such a pitch of excitement and admiration.

Hubert glanced at Madame della Scala. She was sitting with her hands folded, a placid smile of achievement upon her lips; she had produced all the impression that she wished to make, and for once was completely satisfied. Hubert read it in her face.

Cynthia was curtseying to the audience, when, for the first time, Hubert caught her eye—or rather it was for the first time only that she allowed him to see her eyes—she bowed him as a matter of fact, she had been conscious of his presence ever since she entered the concert room. She flashed a quick smile at him, bowed openly in his direction, and—as if by accident—touched the belt of her dress. He was quick enough to see what she meant; some flowers from his bouquet were fastened at her waist. He half rose from his seat, involuntarily, and almost as if he wanted to join her on the platform, then sat down again, vexed at his own movement and blushing like a school-boy. He did not know what had come to him. he told himself; for a moment he had been quite embarrassed and overwhelmed by this girl's bright glance and smile. She was certainly very handsome; and it was embarrassing—yes, it was decidedly a little embarrassing—to be recognized by her so publicly at the very moment of her first success.

"Come," said a voice at his shoulder—it was the voice of a critic. "Why, she's first-rate! Isn't she the girl that used to play small parts at the Frivolity? Who discovered that she had a voice?"

"Old Lalli, I believe—first violin in the orchestra," said Hubert.

"Ah! Did you teach her, then? How did she get to Della Scala? That woman's charges are enormous—as big as Lamberti's!"

"Couldn't say, I'm sure," returned Hubert, with perfect coolness.

"Well, Della Scala's made a big hit this time, at any rate. Old Mitcham's prowling about—from Covent Garden, do you see him? That girl will have an engagement before the day's out—mark my words! There hasn't been such a brilliant success for the last ten years."

And then the second part of the concert began, and Hubert was left in peace.

Cynthia's second song was a greater success even than the first. There was no doubt about that she would attain a great height in her profession if she wished to do so; she had a splendid organ, she had been well trained, and she was remarkably handsome. Her stage training prevented nervousness; and that she had dramatic talent was evidenced by her singing of the two airs put down for her in the programme. But she took everybody by surprise when she was encored. Instead of repeating her last *aria*, she sat down to the accompanist's ear and launched at once into the song of Schubert's which she had sung in Hubert's rooms. It was a complete change from the Italian music that constituted the staple of Madame della Scala's concerts; but it revealed new capacities of passion in the singer's voice, and was not unwelcome, even to Madame herself, as showing the girl's talent and versatility. As she passed off the platform, Madame caught the girl in her arms and kissed her emotionally. The pupil's success was the teacher's success—and Madame was delighted accordingly.

Hubert was leaving the room at the conclusion of the concert, when an attendant accosted him.

"Beg pardon, sir! Mr. Lepel, sir?"

"Yes; what is it?"

"Miss West told me to give you this, sir;" and he put a twisted slip of paper into Hubert's hand.

Hubert turned aside and opened the note. He could have smiled at its abruptness—so like what he already knew of Cynthia West.

"Why didn't you come round in the interval and let me thank you? If I have been successful, it is all owing to you. Please come to see us this evening if you can; I want very much to consult you. You know my address. Madame won't let me stay now. "C. W."

"Impetuous little creature!" Hubert smiled to himself—although Cynthia was not little.

He thrust the note into his pocket, and went home to dine and dress. He knew Madame della Scala's ways. This old lady, with whom Cynthia was now staying, loved to hold a little reception on the evening of the day of her early concert, and she would be delighted to see Mr. Lepel, although she had not sent him any formal invitation. For Cynthia's sake he made up his mind to go.

"For Cynthia's sake." How lightly he said the words! In after-days no words were fraught with deeper and sadder suggestion for him; none bowed him down more heavily with a sense of obligation and shame and passionate remorse than these—"For Cynthia's sake."

He went that night to Madame della Scala's house, and sat for a full hour, in a little conservatory lighted with Chinese lanterns, alone with Cynthia West.

*(To be Continued.)*

## Agreed.

The Tattler in *Chicago Chaff* says: The boxes at the Auditorium have for the past two weeks afforded me much entertainment, not to say instruction. On the night of the second tier of boxes the other night, sat a rich and somewhat æsthetic young gentleman with his millinery *fiancee*. In the intervals between the tenderness with which he gazed into her soulful eyes, the deft and pretty manner in which he contrived to caress her hand as he reached for her lorgnette were remarked by all who chanced to glance that way. Ah! well, I have no word of criticism to offer, for I make no doubt that love's young dream is just as sweet and pure if you have had any experience with the latter, I am sure you will agree with me that there is nothing else in life half so sweet and romantic.

## Strong Circumstantial Evidence.

Coroner—When did you see Editor Hull last?

Witness—Yesterday afternoon at four o'clock.

Did he have any great amount of money with him that you know about?

"Yes, sir." (Sensation.)

"Then you think that his death may have been caused by foul play?"

"Yes, it may have been."

"Now, will you please tell the jury what amount of money Editor Hull had when you met him?"

"Three dollars."

## No Hurry in This Case.

Elephants have been known to live to the age of four hundred years. Moral—Young man, do not be in too much of a hurry to see the elephant. He'll keep.

## French Precocity.

We have been shown a private announcement of birth which runs as follows: "M. Adre de S——, aged eight days, has the honor to inform you of his birth, which took place at the beginning of last week. He is quite well, and so is his mother."—*Nauvelles a la Main.*

## Satisfactory.

She—You are very kind to invite me to go sleighing, but—did your horse ever run away?

He—Often. You see, I am careless about horses, and often let the reins fall to the bottom of the sleigh and drive with my feet.

She—I'll go.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

## Too Proud to Beg.

"Mrs. Maloney, this is the eighteenth time you have been before me for theft."

"Sure, judge, an' it's me pride. There niver was one of the Maloneys as wuz as low as to beg."

## One Brother Enough.

"Now, then, Jennie," said the bridegroom to the bride, after they had returned from the church and the knot had been tied, "how many brothers have you?"

"Brothers!" exclaimed the bride in astonishment; "you know I haven't any brothers. I'm the only child of my parents.

"Oh! I know that; but how many young men did you promise to be a sister to before you accepted me? Those are the brothers I want to know about."

"Well," replied the bride, smiling, "I think I must have about half a dozen brothers."

"All right. You just a drop a note to each of them and tell them the brother-and-sister business is all off now, as you have got a husband. If they want sisters tell them to look around among the girls that are single. I'm all the brother you need now."—*Boston Courier.*

## A Cork Leg.

In one of Chicago's public institutions is a bright-eyed, witty Irish widow who loves a joke as only the people from her country do. In the same institution is a stolid German professor who rather admires the pretty widow. The two often meet and indulge in pleasant chats. The German professor is married and is the lord and master of a happy family. The other day he chanced to meet the Irish widow and the entered into conversation, in the course of which the witty widow borrowed the professor's ear and said: "Professor, I don't mind telling you, as you are a married man, but I have a cork leg." The professor was surprised. He said he never would have thought he had never noticed any limp. "No," said the widow; "and I can dance with the best of them." The professor marvelled greatly and said he did not see how you could so successfully disguise it. "Well," she said, "I'll tell you, professor. I have a cork leg because I was born in Cork." This remark was made last Thursday. The German professor thought it over until Monday last, and then he laughed.—*Argonaut.*

## Unkindest Cut of All.

Visitor to Editor—Could you use an entirely original poem on The Narcotic Weed?

Editor—I could, of course, but as long as matches are so cheap I don't see the use.—*From Lippincott's Magazine for February.*


## Companionable People.

There are some people who are out of sorts at every hand's turn for no legitimate reason; because the sun has gone under a cloud, because they slept badly or ate too heartily, but the companionable person makes the best of every situation. Take the companionable young woman, for instance. She is not flighty or fussy, and her prejudices are not, as with some, her chief characteristics. When she arrives, she brings another atmosphere with her, and common things, seen with her eyes, become wonderful. She is a person of ideas, and bestows them with prodigality; she is not so often a wit as the occasion of wit in others. She makes everyone happy who comes within her influence.

## He Couldn't go It.

"Here is some pie that we can't eat," said the farmer's wife to the tramp, "and if you want to help me get rid of it I shall be obliged to you."

"Thanks, ma'am," said the tramp. "I always feel like helping those who deserve help, but"—eying the food suspiciously—"I am no eleemosynary institution."—*Judge.*

## Sideboards.

Lady (in furniture store, to new clerk)—Where are those handsome sideboards that you had last week?

Clerk (embarrassed)—Oh, I—er—I shaved them off day afore yesterday, ma'am.—*Life.*

## Killed an Innocent Man.

Biggs—Well, he didn't stay down long, did he?

Biggs—Who didn't?

Biggs—Mc——Oh! ow! oowow! ow! Wow! (whack, whack, whack) uh—uh—uh—(dying) Allister.

## Scriptural Consolation.

Severe Adorer (about to enter the ministry) "I trust you find a great deal of comfort in thinking of scriptural verses.

Interesting Invalid—Yes, indeed! That text, "Grin and bear it," does me a heap of good.—*Life.*

## Biddy's Orders.

"Mr. Hankinson, you will excuse me if I receive you in the dining-room this evening." "Yes, Mrs. Hankinson." "Miss Kajones. It is much more cosey and homelike."

"It is not on that account, Mr. Hankinson, but Bridget has gone into the parlor to take a nap on the sofa, and given orders that she must not be disturbed."—*Chicago Tribune.*

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# THE STORY OF AN ERROR

*By the Author of "His Wedded Wife," "A Fatal Dower," "Barbara," "Ladybird's Penitence," "Bunchie," "A Foolish Marriage," etc.*

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## CHAPTER XXIX.

It was growing late. In the house the silence had deepened and all was still; without the stars were shining in the clear dark sky; a sharp wind had risen, and was blowing in at the open French window; the fire was dying upon the hearth. The girl's head rested against her lover's breast; his arms were around her; she was quite passive.

The happiness he had felt as he took her in his arms had been but momentary; it had subsided after one passionate thrill and left him cold and wretched again. She had offered no resistance to him, and he might have taken it for granted that she was going to yield to his passionate prayer; but he knew it was not so. He had been sure of that all the time; but he knew it with a terrible certainty when he gently raised her head and looked into her face.

"Stanley!" he exclaimed, with bated breath, but in a tone of intense pain.

Her face had undergone a dreadful change. She had looked pale and sorrowful and weary before; but now the pallor had become ghastly, and her sorrow had turned to despair. Her sunken eyes looked glassy; but Hugh fancied he read bitter reproach in them.

"Stanley, my darling, you are ill!" he said slowly. "Speak to me, dear!"

"What can I say!" she murmured.

"Only that you forgive me," he exclaimed, as he knelt down beside her—"only that, Stanley; for I never can forgive myself!"

"I forgive!" she answered, almost mechanically, her face no longer retaining its deathly calmness. "I am very unhappy!" she said piteously. "Oh, Hugh, be merciful to me now!"

The plea for mercy thrilled him with a sudden joy. Did she mean that, if he persisted, she must yield even against herself?

"My darling," he said, with infinite tenderness, "why are you so merciless to yourself and to me! Don't you see that the whole blinds us to each other is the strongest life can know? No claim upon your love can be so strong as mine. My life is bound up in you; nothing can destroy our right to be happy in each other's love."

"I do not know," she rejoined, in utter weariness; "I am no longer capable of judging. But I feel that we could not be happy, Hugh, at the cost of the misery of another."

"But, my dearest," he urged, "whose misery can equal ours? Who can need your love so deeply as I do, whose one joy in life it is? If I were like other men," he went on sadly, "with home ties which might help me to bear my loss, or a future to look forward to, I might be resigned; but I am nothing without you. These last weeks, so full of misery and unrest, are a type of what my life will be for the future. I cannot face it, Stanley! Yes, I am a coward, if you will: but I cannot face it!"

She was silent: her heart was tortured almost beyond her strength, not so much by her own suffering as by his. The difficulty of her task was increased by her doubts as to her right and her father's to inflict such anguish, and by the promptings of her own heart to yield. He was suffering as she herself had suffered during that terrible night when death itself would have been so welcome to her; and one word from her would give him the happiness he craved.

But her father, and her promise to him! And all the anguish of the past weeks, which should have ennobled Hugh and herself—was it to fail in its effect? Was it, instead of ennobling, to debase and degrade, by making them yield to their own selfish desires, heedless of the suffering of others? What must she do? What was her duty? Was it to yield to Hugh's entreaty and break her father's heart? Was it to resist, and break her own and that of the man she loved? With a faint cry, she bowed her head upon her hands; and Hugh waited breathlessly on his knees beside her until she raised it again. When she did so, her face was convulsed and distorted with anguish.

"Oh, Hugh," she said, in a heart-piercing tone, "help me—help me to do what is right!"

The tone, even more than the words, thrilled him; the tortured face appealed to his tenderness and love; her entreaty seemed to raise him from the apathy born of his despair. He looked at her for a moment in silence; then he bowed his head over the little trembling hands she had held out to him, and hid his face upon them.

When he raised his head his face was deathly pale, and his voice, when he spoke, bore witness to the struggle which he had just passed through. He rose slowly to his feet and stood looking down at her.

"You are right," he said. "We must part, Stanley!"

He turned away from her and walked to the window with slow heavy steps, then came back to her and sat down. As she turned her face towards him, he saw that her cheeks were wet with tears.

"I have been cruel to you!" he said, in low trained tones which struck painfully upon her ears. "I have added to your pain, which is already heavy enough, poor child! Forgive me for it, Stanley."

He paused, drawing a long breath; and Stanley sat motionless, her tears falling fast.

"I was mad," he went on—"I was mad then; I am sane now. I know you must give me up. The obedience you owe your father, the loyalty you owe to your family, is imperative. I was cruel to resist; but it is hard! I think we must not meet again until I am stronger than I am now. Just now it seems as if life meant suffering and anguish and heart-hunger, and I felt as if I could endure no more. I see you cannot; and yet——"

He paused again, clasping his hands in agony. He felt truly as if his suffering were more than he could bear; and yet he knew that the end was come—that this parting must be for ever.

Stanley was striving to suppress her own sobs in one last effort to be brave.

"Now I know you!" she said, gently. "You are the Hugh Cameron whom I loved so well—whom I shall love until I die!"

"Hush!" he gasped. "Don't tempt me by such words as those! If I must leave you, let me go without further disgracing my manhood. I did not believe that I could bear such torture and live through it!"

The fire had faded into a heap of white ashes on the hearth; the stars were shining brightly; the night-wind, chill and cold, blew in the open window. Stanley shuddered; but it was not because the night-breeze touched her.

"You are cold," he said hurriedly; "and I think it is late—I do not know."

The confusion which had marked his manner when he first entered the room had returned. He felt blinded and dazed by the horror of it all, and, as he rose to his feet, he staggered.

"I must go!" he said hoarsely, "Stanley——" He turned to her, holding out his hands with a world of passionate love and entreaty in his eyes.

She rose and went to him; and he placed his arms around her and pressed her to his heart.

"Good-bye," he whispered, holding her from him so that he could look into the beautiful anguish stricken face upraised to him. "My love—my love, good-bye!"

Her eyes were so dim that she could not see his face; but she clung to him passionately.

"You will be brave," she said—"you will be brave, Hugh; you will not——"

Her voice failed her; but he grasped her meaning.

"I will do my best," he answered, brokenly. "Oh, my love, my darling, it is hard to let you go!"

Suddenly he released her, put her from him with a gesture of unconscious violence, and, turning away, walked with unsteady steps from the room, seeing nothing, hearing nothing.

The room seemed quite dark to Stanley's eyes as she staggered towards the sofa and fell upon it, her cheek pressed to the cushion where his hand had rested.

Half an hour later there was a timid knock at the door of the room; even when it was repeated more loudly there was no response; and, when Benson, terrified at the silence and finding the door locked, hurried out through a side-door and entered the room through the open window, she found her young mistress just raising herself from the cushions in semi-unconsciousness. Stanley looked with vacant eyes at the maid's startled face, as Benson rapidly expressed her fear lest her mistress had taken cold, she having no doubt fallen asleep with the window open.

"Yes," Stanley answered vaguely, in a strange tone and with a pathetic smile, "I think I had been asleep. I am sorry it is so late!"

She rose slowly to her feet; but, when she tried to walk she swayed, and Benson caught her as she fell.

All that night, until day broke in the eastern sky and the stars had faded, Hugh Cameron remained out-of-doors, now walking rapidly, now halting, and trying to shake off the confusion and bewilderment which possessed him, but failing utterly.

At other times fatigue and exhaustion forced him to sit down by the roadside and rest. He met no one; the country roads were entirely deserted. The stillness of night, as intense as the stillness of death, reigned serene and unbroken; but it brought no peace to him. He did not feel cold, although he shivered more than once as he staggered on, heedless whither he went in the tumult of his agony.

Never in his after-life could he recall the events of that night with clearness. It left with him an indistinct memory of an interminable distance which he had to traverse, of a burning thirst which parched his throat and lips, of periods of darkness from which he roused himself only by an effort, of heaviness in his limbs which grew more and more painful as he wandered on, feeling like a drunken man, all his senses confused by the approaching delirium. The dawn of day found him near a small railway-station, which seemed, in some vague way, familiar to him; but he did not recognise it as the one nearest to Brancepeth. He sat down on a wooden seat just outside the station and waited, he did not know for what. The dawn broke slowly; the sun rose, wakening all nature with its fair bright rays and dispelling the gloom and silence of the night. Gradually the stir and hum of life broke the silence. By-and-by a laborer passed down the road going to his daily toil; in the little station there was the sound of footsteps and the click of instruments. Hugh started to his feet, and, crossing the road, passed through the booking-office.

A sleepy looking porter was on the platform. He stared in amazement at the haggard face of the man who approached him, at his disordered dress and strange manner.

"You are expecting a train?" said Hugh huskily.

"Yes, sir; the up train stops to take up mails here," replied the man, touching his cap.

"What station is this?" Hugh asked suddenly.

"I beg pardon, sir," the man returned blankly, looking at him with bewildered eyes.

"What station is this?" Hugh repeated.

"Elton, sir, of course," the porter answered, deciding that the young master of Brancepeth had been "having a night of it."

"Elton!" Hugh repeated blankly, putting his hand up to his brow and trying to remember whether the name were familiar or not.

"Elton! Oh, very well! An up train, you say! Give me a ticket, will you?"

"Do you require a ticket, sir?" the porter stammered, knowing that Hugh had had a pass.

"I suppose so," rejoined Hugh, vacantly, putting his hand into his pocket and drawing out some loose gold and silver. "Take what you require."

The man obeyed.

"A ticket for London, sir?"

"Yes—for London."

When the porter returned from the little booking office, the station-master was with him and the train was approaching. The station-master opened the door of an empty first-class carriage, and Hugh got in mechanically, returning no answer to the official's "Good-morning," and sinking heavily into a seat. As the train moved out of the station, the station-master and the porter looked at each other meaningly.

"There's something wrong!" the former said gravely, as he turned away, and, entering his pretty cottage, confided to his wife how strangely young Mr. Cameron had looked and spoken; while Hugh himself, with tortured mind and aching body, stunned, miserable, and suffering, was carried swiftly away; and the sun rose higher, and the full day had come.

*(To be Continued.)*

## Whistling Nuisances.

Down on State street yesterday afternoon a well-fed merchant stopped a reporter and said: "I say, young man, do you ever try to correct public nuisances?"

"Oh, yes!" said the young man with a pleased smile.

"Well, then, why don't you say something about those—d fools that go about whistling perpetually. I went to bed late last night completely worn out, and I was roused as an unnaturally early hour this morning by an infernal idiot who thought he could whistle Annie Laurie to the tune of Auld Lang Syne. I came down to breakfast and found my little boy whistling Down Went McGinty to the Bottom of the Sea. Where in the world that child ever learned that outlandish melody is more than I can understand. I said to my wife, in my intense wrath: 'Maria, if that boy ever whistles again in my presence, I'll send him to a reform school.' There was an exchange of words between us, and the result was a scene, a crying spell, a spoiled breakfast, and a wrathful departure. I got on the car, and an impertinent imp on the back platform greeted me with the distorted strains of Home, Sweet Home. I got off the car and walked down to the office, and it seemed to me that everybody on the street was whistling.

"By the time I reached the office there was a medley in whistles in my brain—the shrill whistle, the rasping whistle, the loud bass whistle, the boy's disjointed treble, and the man's hideously smooth whistle, the file-like scream, and the long-drawn, hollow sound of the flute. Oh, it was maddening! I took the elevator, and the boy carried me up to my office boy that 'his jags is ratty this mornin.' Well, when I got into the office my boy said: 'Good morning, Mr. So-and-So,' and went on softly whistling Sweet Bye and Bye. I had fifteen Dollars in My Inside Pocket. 'Boy!' I cried, with all the rage of a man whom desperate injury had driven to madness, 'Boy, if you don't stop whistling in this office I will throw you down the elevator shaft, and send your mangled remains home to your mother, with my best compliments.' He stopped.

"It wasn't very long, however, before a customer came in to see me on business. I said with my most gracious smile, 'If you will kindly wait a moment, Mr. Blank, I shall be at liberty.' He sat down for a moment, arose instantly, strolled over to the window, thrust his hands into his pockets and whistled softly, Two Lovely Black Eyes. The office boy grinned. I whooped about and said, with bitterness in my heart and a smile on my lips, 'Mr. Blank, I will see you now.' For God's sake, young man, call the attention of the public to the horrors of indiscriminate whistling."—*Boston Herald.*

## The Wooing O't.

Duncan Gray was not the only man who found the "wooing o't" an uncommonly difficult business. The last Prince Arthur married a daughter of Christopher North; when he "popped the question" the young lady, like Barkis, was quite "willin," but referred the suitor to her father. Aytoun's timidity, however, was so great that he could not face the interview, and he begged his Emily to speak for him.

Miss Wilson accordingly went to the library and told her father the object of her mission.

"Shall I accept his offer, papa?" she added; "he is so shy and diffident that he cannot speak to you himself."

"Tush!" replied the author of Noctes Ambrosianæ, playfully tossing his tawny mane, "we must deal tenderly with him. I'll write my reply on a slip of paper and pin it on your back."

Miss Wilson now returned to the drawing-room, saying, as she entered, "Papa's answer on the back of my dress."

Turning her round, Aytoun read these witty words, "With the author's compliments."

## Suppressing the Government.

The town itself consisted of a general store, two dwellings, a blacksmith shop and a rude road depot, and the post office was in the back end of the store. Three or four of us had ordered our mail directed there, supposing it to be a place of some importance. Therefore, after the train had departed, we went over to the store to make inquiry. The postmaster sat on his counter smoking a clay pipe, and nothing indicated that he was in a hurry.

"After mail, eh!" as he looked us over.

"Yes."

"Did any of you ever think what a responsible position a postmaster occupies?"

None of us replied, and he crossed his legs, looked into vacancy, and continued:

"He is a part of the government. He represents the government. He is, to a certain extent, the government. As the government, he should command respect. Gentlemen, remove your hats."

"What for?" demanded the wire-fence man.

"To me, sir—to the government."

"Not by a blanked sight! If you are the postmaster of this jack-rabbit postoffice, then you hump yourself and hand out your mail!"

"Gentlemen, is them your sentiments, also?" queried the old man as he turned to us.

"They are," he was told.

"Then you don't git a cussed letter out of this postoffice! You have assumed the attitude of treasonable towards this government, and you git no favors from it."

"See here, you old lop-shouldered, gander-shanked idiot, do you mean to say you won't pass out our mail?" exclaimed the fence man, as his hair began to stand up like the barbs in his product.

"That's just what I mean to say. This government don't bluff."

"Well, if you won't, then I will!" He started for the back room, but the postmaster hopped off the counter and obstructed him and said:

"This is high treason, for sure. This government warns you not to enter that room."

"Will you get our mail?"

"No, sir."

"Then stand aside."

The fence man pushed ahead, and the postmaster took hold of him. Then there came a biff-bang! and the Government was knocked over among a pile of rope and sacks. Dandies, The Chicago man got him by the leg, drew him outdoors, stood him up and "lifted" him, and as the old man started up the road on a run we went back to the postoffice and wire fence, looked over the box of letters, and passed out half a dozen. We were reading them in the shade of the depot building when the postmaster returned. One eye was nearly shut, and he had his jaw in a sling.

"Get your mail?" he asked, as he came sidling up.

"Yes."

"Want anything more?"

"No."

"Gents. I want to explain my conduct. I got my commission as P. M. only three days ago. It didn't swell my head at all until the old woman bezan to say as how we now stood at the head of society here, and that the State of Nebraska and most of the union rested on my shoulders, and she put it so strong that I got rattled and made an ass of myself. Gentlemen, the swelling has disappeared. Come over and take sunthin' out of my bottle."—*N. Y. Sun.*

## An Etherial Creature.

"It is a great wonder that Miss Sarepha does not take wings and fly away."

"Why so?"

"Because she is raven-haired, dove eyed, swan-throated, angel-formed, and—and pigeon-toed."—*Time.*

## He Had Traveled.

Enthusiastic Proprietor—What do you think of the new hotel?

Prospective Guest (diffidently)—Rather fine. E. P.—Fine! Grand, I think! Did you notice the fresco work in the dining-room and the new furniture in the hall!

P. G.—Yes, I noticed them.

E. P. (persistently)—Well, what do you think?

P. G. (gloomily)—Oh, I suppose I'll have to pay for them before I leave.—*From Lippincott's Magazine for February.*

## Both Suited.

Workingman—Give me work, and I do not care for the rest of the world.

Tramp—Well, give me the rest, and I don't care for the work of the world.—*Time.*

## The Deadly Cigarette.

Brakeman—Put yer head in, there! D' yer want get kt knocked off yer?

Infrequent Traveler—I can't haul it in an live. They's a feller in here smokin' a paper cigar filled with skunk-cabbage.—*Judge.*

## Neatly Turned.

Miss Tilly—Mr. De Todd, I really never know what to do with my hands.

Mr. De Todd (after a pause)—You might give one of them to me.

Miss Tilly—It is rather sudden, Mr. De Todd, but here it is.—*Time.*

## Politeness vs. Policy.

Lawyer (entering cell)—How are you feeling this morning?

Murderer—Very well, thank you.

Lawyer (furiously)—Very well? What the deuce do you mean by having such brutal rugged good health when you know that your life depends on your delicate condition!—*Puck.*

## Trials of Beauty.

Spanish women take most excellent care of their eyebrows, eyelids and lashes; they are bathed in warm water, but never rubbed under any circumstances, and Spanish chemists prepare lotions and oils specially for promoting the silky growth of lashes and eyebrows, to enhance the beauty and glow of the soft dark eyes beneath them. This method of adding to one's attraction is simple and easy as compared with the anxious care which a professional beauty must bestow upon herself if she would fulfil her mission in life according to a little book recently published on Beauty and How to Keep It. The professional beauty is never allowed to forget herself or her high calling for a moment; she must neither laugh or cry like other women, she may only love moderately, and never grieve at all, lest it cause wrinkles. She is also counselled to maintain a serene cheerfulness of temper, to practise a certain amount of self-restraint lest she spoil her complexion, and take up some work which shall interest and amuse her, in order to keep her in good health. According to all this, the professional beauty would be rather a nice girl to live with, but heaven is her home.

## What Made Willie Late.

She was the typical country school ma'am. She had a youthful, engaging look, and an evident interest in what went on in the neighborhood despite the responsibility that rested on her shoulders.

"Willie Smith," she said, "you are late again!"

"Yes'm."

"This must be stopped. I have a great mind to punish you, and I assure you that if you allow it to occur again you will not escape lightly. What is the cause of your tardiness?"

"Miss Jenkins' beau."

"Who? that young man from town?"

"Yes'm."

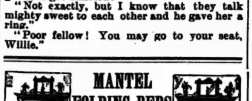
"Does he go to see Miss Jenkins often?"

"Bout seven times a week."

"The idea! Do you know whether they are going to get married?"

"Not exactly, but I know that they talk mighty sweet to each other and he gave her a ring."

"Poor fellow! You may go to your seat, Willie."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## Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

Mrs. Anthony, Mr. Doyle, Miss Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. E. Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Kidner, Miss Smyth, Mr. S. Cunningham, Miss Lily Claxton, Mr. R. Ha nilton, Miss Palen, Mr. H. R. Abbott, Miss Smyth, Mr. R. G. Smyth, Miss Weston, Mr. W. Curran, Miss McConnell, Mr. and Mrs. J. Blong, Mr. Plow, Mr. J. F. Brown, Mr. C. Prudhomme, Miss McClellan, Mr. B. Hughes, Miss Hewson, Mr. Hewson, Miss Robson.

•

Here are some of the costumes: Mrs. E. Sullivan, white silk, pearl trimmings and diamond ornaments; Mrs. Kidner, black satin and jet trimmings; Miss Campbell, pink satin and diamond ornaments; Miss Hollenbeck, cream satin and pearl trimmings; Miss McGrath, white faille silk and pearls; Miss McDonald, white silk and pearl trimmings; Miss Sullivan, white moire, lace overdress and pearl trimmings; Miss Hobberlin, white faille silk and crystal trimmings; Miss S. McGolpin, black satin and net overdress, natural flowers; Miss McGolpin, rose cashmere, cream brocade skirt, diamond ornaments; Miss Claxton, terra cotta silk; Miss Riddell, black fish net; Miss McFarlane, cream cashmere and pearls; Mrs. Barnes, red satin and lace overdress; Mrs. Blong, cream cashmere with black velvet trimmings; Miss Taylor, cream satin and natural flowers; Miss Foley, cream cashmere with yellow ribbons; Miss Cooper, pink cashmere and white lace; Miss Lowden, heliotrope silk with black velvet trimmings; Miss Troy, yellow brocade satin and pearl ornaments; Miss Bain, black lace and pearl ornaments; Miss Waite, terra cotta silk and natural flowers; Miss McCormack, red satin and diamonds; Miss Tinning, pink satin and diamonds; Miss Ritchie, pink satin and lace overdress; Miss Boyd, cream satin and pearl ornaments; Miss Martha Boyd, Nile green satin; Miss Kerr, black lace and natural flowers; Miss Smyth, black satin and lace overdress; Miss Briggs, heliotrope and black velvet and diamonds; Miss Weston, black silk and pearls; Miss Kate Weston, black silk and silver ornaments; Miss McGillicuddy, pink silk and natural flowers; Miss Kleiser, pink satin and natural flowers; Miss Palen, white silk and pearls; Miss Logan, pink silk and diamonds; Miss McCullough, white silk and pearls.

•

Mrs. Alfred Gooderham of Sherbourne street was At Home to her many friends on Thursday of last week. Among those present were: Mrs. Brouse, Mrs. Nixon, Mrs. Robert Gooderham, the Misses Beatty, Mrs. Henry Duggan, Miss Edith McFarlane, Mrs. and Miss G. Milligan, the Misses Arthurs, Miss Greene, Mrs. McKinnon, Miss Thompson, Mrs. Crosby, Mrs. E. Gooderham, Miss Bunting, Miss Michie, Miss Gooderham, Mrs. Lee, the Misses Lee, Miss Munroe, Mrs. Miles, and many others.

•

Dr. David Stovel and his bride are spending a few days of their honeymoon at Maple Lodge, Rosedale, with his brother, Mr. E Stovel.

•

Mr. H. A. Stone left for England on Monday, taking with him Mrs. Stone and infant daughter.

•

The Wanderers' Snowshoe Club announces that its third annual At Home will be held in the Academy of Music on Tuesday evening, February 11. The Wanderers are noted for the success of their social events, and that of this year, I am informed by the committee, will be an improvement if possible on those of the past. The patronesses are Mrs. J. D. Henderson, Mrs. A. B. Lee, Jr., Mrs. Wm. Britton, Mrs. D. A. Rose, Mrs. T. W. Dyas, Mrs. C. A. B. Brown, Mrs. R. B. Hamilton and Mrs. A. E. Trow, and the stewards Messrs. E. Havelock Walsh, G. B. Toye, C. H. Riggs, W. A. Hunter, W. J. Darby, G. M. Wells, J. Norman Smith, W. A. Harstone and A. Taylor.

•

The officers and members of Loyal Dominion Lodge C.O.O.F. held a very successful At Home in their hall in Victoria Chambers on Thursday evening. The programme consisted of a concert followed by a dance.

•

Toronto Division No. 17, Order of Railway Conductors, will hold their sixth annual ball in Shaftesbury Hall, next Tuesday evening, January 22. The conductors will see that they have a clear track and that their guests will enjoy themselves.

•

Dr. and Mrs. G. Sterling Ryerson, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. D. Girouard of Montreal, have returned to town after a short visit to New Orleans and Southern States.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Hoskin and Miss Carpmael are the guests of Speaker and Mrs. Allan in Ottawa, and were present at the opening of the House on Thursday.

•

Miss Burnside of Deer Park is visiting friends in Detroit.

•

Dr. and Mrs. F. J. Patterson celebrated the tenth anniversary of the marriage on Tuesday evening, January 14, by entertaining a number of friends at their residence, 169 College street. Some of the tin offerings were very unique.

## MUSIC

The Vocal Society enjoyed a very large audience on Thursday evening of last week, when it presented its first concert of the season. The popularity of this society has grown steadily since its organization and its concerts are now looked forward to by all music-lovers. This imposes a considerable responsibility upon its managers which they have always met very well. The programme of this concert, though unnecessarily long, was a very attractive one in both choral and solo details. The part songs presented an agreeable diversity of style and treatment, and the soloists were above the average. The society itself was not up to its best, signs of the prevailing epidemic being evident in the gaps in its ranks and in its intonation. Where so many were absent and so many had evidently been sufferers, it is obviously unfair to expect a perfect balance of tone or perfect singing, and that the society did so well under existing circumstances is highly creditable to itself and to its conductor, Mr. W. Elliott Haslam.

•

The basses were immensely in tonal preponderance, while the altos were at the opposite extreme. Leslie's Lullaby of Life and Lohr's Slumber Song were sung with extreme elegance and with beautiful effect, in spite of the falling of the pitch, which in each case was fortunately accomplished in a few seconds. A fine, dashing effect was produced in De Pearsall's Sir Patrick Spens, a ten-part song. The antiphonal effect of the two choruses into which the society was divided was strongly marked and very pleasing. The society essayed a chorus for male voices, The Dying Trumpeter, and gave a pleasant rendering of it, though the quality of tone produced by the gentlemen is hardly sufficiently robust in character to suit this class of music. The Mendelssohn motett, Hear My Prayer, was the most ambitious effort yet made by the society, and its beauty alone would always make it welcome. The society sang it very satisfactorily, though an instrument of greater power than the one used would have added to the excellence of the rendition, as would also a little stronger marking of the attacks in the chorus.

•

Miss Hortense Pierse sang the solo very well, though she too showed signs of the fashionable malady. She adds to a handsome presence a voice of pure, rich quality, and a good method, and she sang Mendelssohn's beautiful music with feeling and expression in spite of the disadvantage of not being able to hear the accompaniment, which was played by Mr. D. J. O'Brien under similar disadvantage, the distance between them being so great. Miss Pierse's other songs were excellently rendered, especially Shelley's Love's Sorrow, which elicited a very emphatic and continuous round of applause which the musical director would not allow her to respond to, although the other soloists, as well as his own society, had been accorded that privilege. Miss Nora Clench was of course warmly received and made welcome at once. Miss Clench is developing new charms in her playing, is becoming more eclectic in fact. She was on this occasion free from the nervousness of a first appearance, and showed a disposition to invest her performances with an individuality of her own, a very genial coloring at that. This leads one to hope for still more at her hands. Technically her playing is extremely excellent, and her renderings are rich in artistic grace. She gave a specially fine performance of Beethoven's Romanza. Miss Etelka Utassi made a very good impression. She has a very rich, warm touch and abundant technical facility. Her reading is poetic and varied, though not inclined to extreme warmth. Her renderings of the Liszt Rigoletto fantasia and the Eighth Rhapsody were thoughtful and brilliantly colored, but were slower than customary. The Bach-Tausig Toccata was splendidly played. Altogether Miss Utassi was a distinct success.

•

On Thursday evening next the Choral Society gives its first concert of this season, Mozart's First Mass, and D'Auria's cantata, The Sea King's Bride, being the works produced. The soloists will be Mme. D'Auria, Mrs. Clara E. Shilton, Mrs. Milne, Mr. Charles Herbert Clarke and Mr. H. M. Blight.

•

The energy and enterprise which Mr. Torrington has infused into the Toronto College of Music, has borne satisfactory fruit in more ways than one. A West End branch has been opened at the corner of Spadina avenue and College street, and is now in full operation with a voluminous roll of students.

METRONOME.

### Out of Town.

HAMILTON.

The military ball given by the 13th Battalion in the Armory on Friday evening last was a very brilliant affair, notwithstanding the fact that the attendance was not as large as was expected, owing, no doubt, in a large measure, to the prevalence of *la grippe*. The interior decorations of the Armory were somewhat similar to those in use at the Masonic and Travelers' balls, except, of course, for the military aspect of everything. There were many pretty arrangements of bayonet stars, stacked arms, flags and banners which made the scene one blaze of color. The prevalence of scarlet tunics and the pomp and circumstance of military trappings further increased the beauty of the scene. At the corners of the dancing floor were stationed the four big guns of the Field Battery. There were no arrangements made for a regulation military opening set, the ball being opened by the following ladies and gentlemen: Major and Miss Birdie Moore, Capt. Stuart and Miss Mercer, Mr. F. E. Kilvert and Miss Billings, J. D. Gansby and Mrs. Oliver, Capt. and Mrs. Tidswell, H. A. Mackelcan and Miss Walker, Lieut. Zealand and Miss Billings, Mr. Smart and Miss Young. Among those present were: Mrs. Gates who wore pale blue satin, black lace; Miss Kate Mills, black lace; Miss Dunlop, canary tulle, Miss Hamilton, pale blue satin; Mrs. Dewar, green tulle; Miss Dewar, mauve tulle, white lace; Miss Freeman, black net, gold trimmings; Mrs. Billings, garnet satin, black lace; Miss Billings, black net, gold trimmings; Miss L. Barringer, Nile green silk with lace; Miss Mills, mauve satin, feather trimmings; Miss T. Evans, black lace; Mrs. Kelk, black lace; Miss Mercer, black lace; Miss Harvey, white net, gold trimmings; Miss Green, old rose and green; Miss Hidley, black net; Miss Cook, red tulle; Miss Hidley, cream liberty silk, rose trimmings; Mrs. Burkholder, cream satin, black velvet trimmings; Miss Moore, pink liberty silk; Miss Walker, pink tulle. The following officers of the battalion were present: Majors Moore, Bainard, Mason; Captains Stoneman, Stuart, Zealand, Moore, Mewburn; Lieutenants Tidswell, Domville, Osborne, Witton, Hobson, Fearman, Laidlaw, Powis, Bruce, Labatt, Rastrick. 37th, Dunville and Captain Moore, Dufferin Rifles. The following gentlemen were the stewards: Lieutenants W. O. Tidswell, H. R. Witton, jr., J. H. Herring, G. D. Fearman, J. D. Laidlaw, W. Bruce; Corporals J. H. Cleaves, J. Richmond, J. E. Henderson; Pts. C. Kidner, N. Dixon, J. Gow. Color-Sargt. Bismarck and Corp. J. E. Henderson acted as treasurer and secretary respectively and were assisted by a large committee of the non-commissioned officers and men. The supper was supplied by Caterer Newport and was in his best style.

A very pleasant evening was spent at the dance given at Ballyrahinch, the residence of Mr. Edward Martin, Q. C., on Tuesday evening last. A large number of guests were present and an enjoyable time was the result.

•

Mr. L. R. O'Brien has again opened his studio on Saturday afternoons to his friends and to all who may be interested in art. He has returned from England with portfolios filled with out of door paintings and sketches.


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EVERY EVENING

Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday Matinees

FIRST TIME AT POPULAR PRICES

15c., 20c, 30c., 35c. & 50c.

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TORONTO BICYCLE CLUB'S

Grand Concert

AND

Bicycle Tableaux

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, FEB. 4

ARTISTS:

MR. WHITNEY MOCKRIDGE, of Chicago, Tenor.
MISS CLARA E. BARNES, of Buffalo, Soprano.
MR. H. L. CLARKE, of Toronto, Cornetist.
and the
T. B. C. GLEE CLUB

Prices 50c., 75c. and $1 (all seats reserved). Pl n opens at Messrs. Nordheimers' Tuesday, 28th inst.

CARD

TO THE PUBLIC

Having on hand a large and well selected stock of Cheviotts, Worsteds, and full Dress Suitings, also a desirable line of Beavers, Meltons and Knap overcoatings, suitable for the coming cold weather, desirous of reducing my stock to make room for Spring Importations and to enable me to do so I am offering during the months of January and February a cash discount of ten per cent. Remember the Fashionable West End Tailor,

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House Furnishings

No. 90 Yonge Street

Jan. 23, 1890.

Ladies:

*We have mentioned hundreds of things worth your while to see in these advertisements, and yet we have only told you of a fraction of what we have to sell.*

*When we tell you of our lamps we can only say a word for each one, of three or four particular kinds, and never a word of the hundred patterns and shapes of each variety. You will know that our stock is complete if you just imagine a whole storeful of the prettiest lamps that money and taste could select.*

Polished Brass

*Is only a name for the material of which the modern bric-a-brac of house furnishings is chiefly made.*

*It is pretty, has the knack of matching everything or contrasting any colour, wears well, is easily kept clean, and is the showiest, brightest, warmest-looking metal to be had.*

*Fire Sets, Fenders, Screens, Coal Scuttles, Piano Lamps, Banquet Lamps, Tea Kettles, Crumb Trays, Tea Trays, Bird Cages, Umbrella Stands, Candlesticks, and a score of other articles. All are made in polished brass.*

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AMERICAN FAIR

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A Bargain Day now every day. A consignment of Fine Albums we are ordered to put on sale at prices that will make them sell. Take advantage of it—8c., worth 25c.; 10c., worth 30c.; 12c., worth 35c.; 22c. and 24c., worth 70c. and 75c.; 35c to 49c., worth $1 to $1.50, and so up to $1.99 for one worth $5. These include both fine Plush and Leather Goods. Plush Autograph Albums from 15c. to 29c., worth from 40c. to 75c. Also a consignment of large beautiful Wax Dolls, worth 75c. to $1. We have fixed the price at 24c. The centre tables of our store will have a Bargain Day every day for some time to come. This has been a disastrous year for business. Many failures and the selling of goods at prices without reference to cost of making or value, in times like these our stores are looked to furnish relief to those in distress. If you understood it you would not wonder, as some do, how we can make one dollar buy more than two buys elsewhere.

WM. H. BENTLEY & CO.

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PARIS, 1889

THE HIGHEST POSSIBLE PREMIUM

THE ONLY GRAND PRIZE

FOR SEWING MACHINES

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Fancy Furniture imported from Germany, England, France, United States, etc., in great variety at lowest possible pri es. It will be a pleasure to see them.

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Showing no Trouble

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INVENTOR AND INTRODUCER OF THE "Jersey," "Ripple," "Le Bronco," "La Zieka," "Eureka," "Lawn Tennis Dance," the "Minuet Waltz," &c.

Also composer of Superior Piano Music For all his dances.

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Edward Fisher - - - Conductor

ELEVENTH SEASON—FIRST CONCERT

MOZART'S CORONATION MASS

and Signor d'Auria's Cantata

THE SEA KING'S BRIDE

Thursday Evening, January 30

PAVILION MUSIC HALL

Box plan open to the public at Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer's on Monday, 27th inst., at 10 o'clock.
Reserved seats $1 and 50c. Upper gallery 25c.

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Reduced Prices in Dressmaking for balance of season.

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Wedding and mourning orders quickly attended to. Correspondence solicited.

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**182 YONGE STREET, TORONTO**


### Out of Town.

OTTAWA.

On Monday, Jan. 16 an entertainment was given in the new schoolroom of the Vice-Regal Church, New Edinburg, by a troupe of "nigger" minstrels gotten up by Lady Stanley for the special benefit and amusement of some hundred of the small fry of the suburb. The entertainment was a marked success, and the amateurs well deserved the continuous applause they received. The troupe was composed of Messrs. E. C. Grant, F. White, Hons. Algernon, Arthur and Fred Stanley, Messrs. A. J. and H. J. Horan, W. Brophy, J. Lawson, and Capt. Macmahon, A. D. C.

Among those present were their excellencies and suite, Gen. Sir Fred and Lady Middleton, Sir James and Lady Grant, Lieut.-Col. Chamberlin, C. M. G., and many other visitors from the city.

Mrs. H. S. Small of Wilbrod street and Mrs. J. Stewart of Elgin street gave small dances on Friday and Saturday evenings of last week, respectively.

The hockey match between the Rebels (Government House) and the Rideaus on Monday evening of last week at the Rideau Skating Rink resulted in the defeat of the former. The rink was crowded with interested spectators. Captain Macmahon captained the Rebels and Mr. Almon-Hill the Rideaus.

The friends of the Deputy Commissioner of Patents and Mrs. Pope enjoyed their hospitality on the evening of January 14 at a small dance.

The attendance at the opening of the House on Thursday of last week was very small indeed; and the Drawing Room held by His Excellency on Saturday evening last was one of the dullest ever held. About half the number usually present were conspicuous by their absence. This was no doubt owing to the powerful influence of the dread *grippe*, from which so many are at present suffering, including Lady Stanley and Hon. Mrs. Colville.

Mr. R. E. Kimber, the usher of the Black Rod, held an informal reception after the Drawing Room, when Madame Lestrange of London, Eng., the well-known vocalist, sang several selections.

The invitations for the Saturday afternoon At Homes at Government House, during the months of January, February and March, having been issued on January 15, last Saturday some three hundred of the invited were to be found on the Vice-Regal rinks and tobogganing slides.

The officers of the G.-G. Foot Guards held their annual mess on Saturday evening last, at the Ottawa Club.

Sir Adolphe and Lady Caron gave large dinner parties on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings last respectively.

Major A. Graham, late of the old Garrison Artillery and an old member of the Civil Service, died on Sunday last from a relapse of *la grippe*.

Wednesday afternoon last was the occasion of a musicale given by Mrs. E. D. Moore at her beautiful residence, Riverview, on the Ottawa River. It is said that Mrs. Moore will shortly issue invitations for a large ball.

Mrs. Foster, wife of the Minister of Finance, gave an At Home on Friday afternoon last.

A bachelors' dance is to be given next week in the old Racquet Court.

The members of Parliament hailing from Manitoba and the North-West Territories will shortly give a large dinner in the House of Commons cafe, when the menu will largely be composed of products of their part of the country. Their object is to advertise the province and the territories.

Mr. Wimot, Inspector of Fisheries, and his daughter, Mr. Grier, barrister, and Miss Gregory, B.A., of Toronto are at the Russell for the session.

Miss Taschereau, daughter of Judge Taschereau of Quebec, is a guest of Sir Adolphe and Lady Caron.

The welcome news that Miss Marjorie Campbell of Government House, Toronto, is shortly to arrive here as the guest of Speaker Allan of the Senate, has given very general satisfaction.

The usual bi-weekly dinners at Government House on Mondays and Fridays are being given.

Official dinners were given on Monday evening last by the Hon. Edgar Dewdney, Minister of the Interior, and by the Hon. J. A. Chapleau, Secretary of State. The Hon. Speaker Allan gave a large supper the same evening.

On Thursday afternoon at St. Bartholomew's Church, Miss Chamberlin, daughter of Col. Brown Chamberlin, C.M.G., the Queen's printer, was married to Mr. C. W. Badgeley, of the Department of the Interior.

Yesterday (Friday) evening the Hon. George E. Foster gave an official dinner at his residence on Lisgar street.

Invitations are out for a ball at Mrs. Henry Yates' on February 3, and for a dance at the Racquet Court, on Wednesday next, by Mrs. Wm. Mackey, of Cooper street.

Mrs. Allan, of the Senate, will be At Home every Thursday afternoon during the session from 4 to 6.

### Toronto Business College.

The prospectus of the Toronto Business College (corner Yonge and Shuter streets) for 1890 has just been issued. It contains forty oblong pages of large size with a decorated cover in red and gold. The typography throughout is elegant, and the matter shows careful and painstaking compilation. To the large number of young men in town and country looking forward to a commercial life—and perhaps aspirants to this avocation are more numerous than to any of the professions—the book will form a most indispensable "enquire within." A copy of the prospectus will be mailed to any one by enclosing two cent stamp for postage to J. M. Crowly, manager, at above address.


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**Court House, Adelaide Street and 138 Carlton Street**


## The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

### Births.

LOWNDES—At Toronto, the wife of H St. John Lowndes—a son.

COATE—At Rosseau, Muskoka, on January 18, Mrs. H. J. Coate—a daughter.

BOSWELL—At Cobourg, on January 19, Mrs. J. E. Boswell—a son.

PLEWMAN—At Toronto, on January 17, Mrs. Richard Plewman—a son.

APPELBE—At Parry Sound, on January 16, Mrs. Appelbe—a son.

KERR—At Toronto, on December 25, Mrs. John Kerr—a son.

WALKER—At Toronto, on January 20, Mrs. A. Ernest Walker—a son.

GILMOUR—At Toronto, on January 17, Mrs. A. J. Gilmour—a son.

POWER—At Oroville, California, on January 9, Mrs. John P. Power—a son (stillborn).

TURNBULL—At Hamilton, on January 19, Mrs. James Turnbull—a daughter.

ORMSBY—At Springfield, on January 17, Mrs. J. Y. Ormsby—a daughter (prematurely)

PATCHING—At Toronto, on January 19, Mrs. R. Patching—a daughter.

COX—At Toronto, on January 22, Mrs. S. Cox—a daughter.

ESTEN—At Toronto, on January 21, Mrs. J. T. Esten—a daughter.

SCOTT—At Toronto, on January 19, Mrs. J. W. Scott—a son.

### Marriages.

SHIRRIFF—SINCLAIR—At Toronto, David Shirriff to Christina Sinclair.

LAWSON—FISHER—At Sequessing, on January 15, Walter Lawson to Minnie Fisher.

BEDINGFIELD—KENDALL—At Toronto, on January 15, James Bedingfield to Amelia Mary Kendall.

WILLIAMS—HAYWAR —At Gananoque, on January 15, Walter H. Williams to Lilian Hayward.

FORSYTH—McGEE—At Toronto, on January 15, W. O. Forsyth to Sarah Stewart McGee.

LEPAGE—GOOIS—At Sudbury, on January 8, Frank Lepage to Estilie G ulin.

SILVERTHORNE—WILSON—At Toronto, on January 15, F. Silverthorne to Mrs. Wilson.

MURRAY—CROSS—At Sequessing, on January 15, Chas. G. Murray to Anna J. Cross.

LYON—DWYER—At Toronto, on January 22, Stewart Lyon to Josephine Dwyer.

KELLY—HYNES—At Toronto, on January 22, H. T. Kelly to Mary Hynes.

LUXTON—INNES—At Sarnia, on January 8, Mr. George Luxton to Miss Christina Innes.

HARBERT—YOUNG—At Toronto, on January 21, John Harbert to Bella G. Young.

MACPHERSON—VAN AKEN—At Seattle, Wash., on December 25, R. G. Macpherson to Susie M. Van Aken.

### Deaths.

TIDEY—At Toronto, on January 19, Mrs. Edwin Tidey.

McNEIL—At Toronto, on January 19, Mrs. James R. Gibson, aged 42 years.

RATHBURN—At Toronto, on January 20, infant daughter of Y. G. R. and Jean Rathburn, aged 6 months.

LIVINGSTONE—At Simcoe, on January 17, Robert T. Livingstone, aged 51 years.

HOPE—At Toronto, on January 9, William Augustus Hope, aged 45 years.

RUDIDGE—At Boulder, Col., on January 15, Mary Rudidge.


# Fine Custom Clothing

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**FASHIONABLE CAPE OVERCOATS**—Made up in the latest style from $15 to $25.

**DRESS OVERCOATS**—Beaver, Melton or Nap. These coats are cut, finished and trimmed equal to anything manufactured in Toronto or out of it. We import only the best materials, employ only the best workmen and we always guarantee a fit.

**DOUBLE BREASTED PRINCE ALBERT SUITS**—Made from fine black and colored worsteds. For $28 we can give you a complete suit, elegantly finished and trimmed.

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33 to 37 King St. East
18 to 24 Colborne St.


ROACH—At Toronto, on January 17, Mrs. B. Roach.
HODGSON—At Tyrone, West Durham, on January 17, Mrs. Robert Hodgson, aged 56 years.
DOWSON—At Toronto, on January 20, Edward Dowson, aged 69 years.
RYAN—At Toronto, on January 20, James Ryan, aged 46 years.
AIKEN—At Franklin, Nebraska, on January 16, James H. Aiken, aged 36 years.
DOWNARD—At Toronto, on January 20, George Downard, aged 38 years.
McBRIDE—At Selkirk, on January 19, Lizzie McBride.
DAY—At Parkdale, on January 20, Mrs. Louisa Day.
OGILVY—At Parkdale, on January 21, William Ogilvy, aged 59 years.
LAWRENCE—At Winnipeg, on January 17, Mrs. George Lawrence.
ROUGH—At Montreal, on January 18, Andrew Rough, aged 61 years.
JONES—At Toronto, on January 21, A. Spencer Jones, aged 50 years.
MACFIE—At London South, on January 20, Daniel Macfie, aged 76 years.
GREGORY—At Toronto, on January 21, John Frederick Gregory, aged 27 years.
BAIKIE—At 86 Thomas, on January 21, Mrs. Jane Sutherland Baikie, aged 89 years.
PIM—At Toronto, on December 17, infant daughter of Fred H. and Maria Pim, aged 11 months.
MARVYN—At Toronto, on January 17, Mrs. Felix Marvyn, aged 27 years.
VEASEY—At Toronto, on January 19, Mrs. H. Veasey, aged 27 years.
WATSON—At Toronto, on January 17, Charles R. Watson, aged 19 years.
BATES—At Toronto, on January 15, Mrs. Ira Bates, aged 26 years.
D'AVIGNON—At Windsor, Ont., on January 13, daughter of J. E. D'Avignon, aged 53 weeks.
FAIRFIELD—At Toronto, on January 15, Mrs. Sarah Fairfield, aged 84 years.
O'BRIEN—At St. Joseph's Convent, Sister M. Claver O'Brien, aged 42 years.
MOYER—Mrs. Marinda Moyer, aged 68 years.
HOOD—At Woodstock, on January 18, Mrs. John D. Hood, aged 56 years.
CREIGHTON—At Township of Vaughan, on January 18, Robert Creighton, aged 76 years.
BENNETT—At Toronto, on January 19, Charles A. Bennett, aged 72 years.
BANTING—At Cookstown, on January 15, Mrs. R. T. Banting, aged 57 years.
BEARD—At Toronto, on January 18, Robert Beard, jun., aged 32 years.
DUNNING—On January 15, Fred W. Dunning, aged 27 years.
ALDERICH—At Dayton, Ohio, on January 8, William Henry Alderich, aged 51 years.
SHARPE—At Toronto, on January 16, Rebecca Sharpe.
BEATTY—At Toronto, on January 16, Joseph Beatty, aged 54 years.
NORTH—At Toronto, on January 16, Wm. K. North.
EWING—At Collingwood, on January 15, Rev. Robert Ewing.
HAMILTON—At Peterboro', on January 15, the Hon. Robert Hamilton, aged 66 years.
CHECKLEY—At Barrie, on January 18, Mrs. F. Y. Checkley, aged 19 years.
DRISCOLL—At Toronto, on January 17, Mary Gertrude Driscoll, aged 19 years.
GILMOUR—At Toronto, on January 18, the infant son of A. J. and Elizabeth Gilmour.
KERR—At Toronto, Mrs. J. C. Kerr.
McKAY—At Chatham, on January 17, Mrs. Arthur C. McKay.
OLIVER—On January 19, Mrs. Margaret Oliver, aged 81 years.
BRUNET—On January 17, Eugene Brunet, aged 17 years.
POWER—At Oroville, California, on January 9, Mrs. John P. Power.
ORMSBY—At Springfield, on January 17, infant daughter of John and Sarah Ormsby.
SAUNDERS—At Ingersoll, on January 17, Joseph Saunders.
SINCLAIR—At Toronto, on January 20, Andrew M. Sinclair, aged 28 years.
BILLINGS—At Whitby, on January 21, William Henry Billings, aged 58 years.
PEAKE—At Toronto, John Peake, aged 58 years.
FORTESCHWAITE—At Wem, Shropshire, England, on January 1, Louisa Jane Fortescheuaite.
GUYETTE—At Toronto, on January 20, John Guyette.
MCCALLY—At Toronto, on January 20, Mary J. McCally.
CATHCART—At Toronto, on January 20, Isaac Cathcart, aged 75 years.
RANSOM—At Toronto, on January 22, Charles H. Ransom, aged 56 years.
BARNES—At Uxbridge, on January 16, Mrs. Matilda Barnes.
BALL—At Maplehurst, Galt, on January 22, G. W. Herbert Ball, aged 42 years.
DUNN—At Toronto, on January 20, Mrs. Mary Dunn, aged 65 years.
BENNETT—At Toronto, on January 22, Mrs. Archibald Bennett.
SHIELDS—At Perth, Scotland, on January 25, John Shields, aged 63 years.
HEINTZMAN—At Toronto, on January 22, Mrs. Theodore A. Heintzman, aged 67 years.
TURNER—At Toronto, William H. Turner, aged 73 years.
McKENZIE—At Toronto, on January 22, Mrs. Amelia Delmace McKenzie, aged 74 years.
NAIRN—At Goderich, on January 19, John Nairn, aged 61 years.


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**Surgeon Dentist**
14 Carlton St. - - Toronto
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No chimney to break
No danger to fear
No oil to waste
With one lamp you obtain a fine 50-candle power light. Heat a quart of water in a few minutes
Get a breakfast or cook a dinner
Call at 98 King Street West and examine them

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The oldest and most reliable Piano Manufacturers in the Dominion.

Our written guarantee for five years accompanies each Piano

Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.

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TOURIST ONE WAY

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| January | 17th, | 31st |
| February | 14th, | 28th |
| March | 14th | 28th |

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A—I'm going to have that sleeping-car porter arrested.

B—What for?

"I'm satisfied he robbed me last night."

"Well, what else do you suppose he is here for? You surely can't have traveled much."

### They Wanted Revenge.

A pianist recently spent the evening at the house of a lady. The company was agreeable and he staid somewhat late. As he rose to take his departure, the lady said: "Pray don't go yet, Mr. Jones; I want you to play something for me." "Oh, you must excuse me tonight; it is very late, and I should disturb the neighbors." "Never mind the neighbors," answered the young lady, quickly, "they poisoned our dog yesterday."